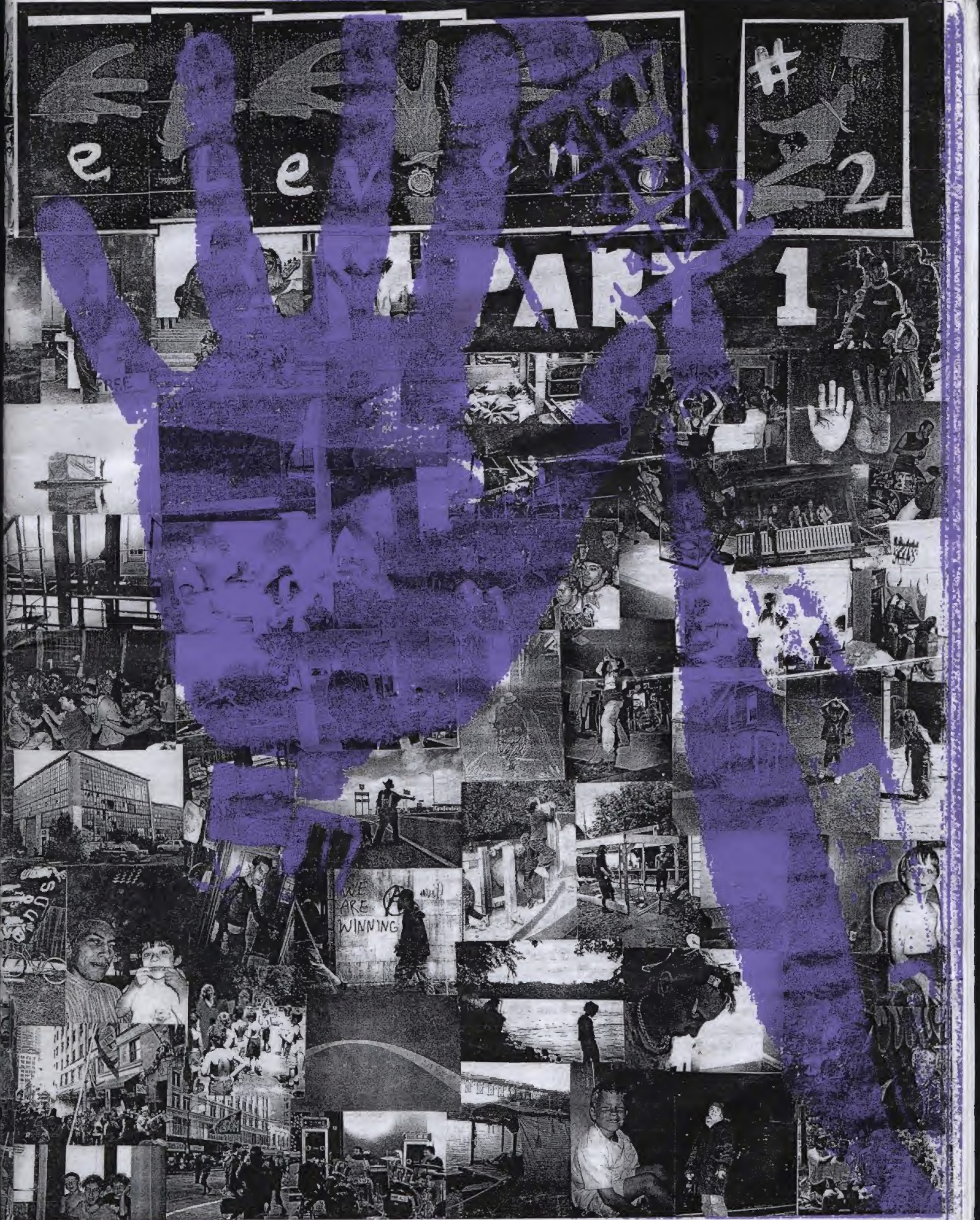


PARTY 1

FREE

WE ARE WINNING



Story of this zine

Welcome, welcome, welcome.

Here is the brand new issue of 11, issue number 2. It's the last day of December zero eight and I sit here drinking coffee and writing an introduction to a zine that didn't ever seem like it was gonna get done.

Last night was another 4 AM night, as I worked on the cover, cutting and arranging photographs from the last 15-16 years of my life, listening to every Crass record I own and "Penis Envy" twice. It was in some ways a very surreal experience. It seems like it's been much too long since the last time I got lost in a project and stayed up by accident much too late. But there I was, the sweet sounds of defiance pumping threw my speakers, scissors, glue stick, paper, and my mind sorta reeling from the photographs. I'd picked out the photos and shrunk them in a photo copy machine but it seemed like I hadn't really looked at them before or maybe it's just that I hadn't looked at them together. But as the clock counted up and the record needle slowly spiraled toward the center of the record, I remembered that train ride with CJ, that show with Alex, the day at the Perf Net, how much I loved that class and those kids, the scary and empowering protests, building boats, spending time with friends. A kaleidoscope of my life, (or is it a mosaic) all glued down on 11 X 17 size paper. I turn the record over and forget to check the clock but I was struck by my own life. Like over here is a picture of me singing in a band when I was 17 and then here I'm 28 and learned how to play the guitar.

The very first and the very last track of Chumbawambas live album "Show Business" is a few second recording of one of the member's first band when he was really young. In the liner notes he describes that time of his life as walking the thin line between making rebellion part of growing up, or part of the rest of his life.

The photos on the cover of this zine aren't even a very good record of my life. I found it amusing that from the look of the photos all it looks like I do is go to protests, work with kids and play in bands. Most of the photos are ones that I took of my friend or just a pretty view. A lot are of shows and protests cuz that's when I remember to bring a camera. Other photos were given to me. Some are of me, some were given to me because someone thought I would like it, and I saved them so I must have. Child care workers take a lot of photographs and my relationship with kids being exceptionally important to me over the last nine years, a lot of those photos made the cover. Same with music, a lot of people take pictures of you when you're in a band, so there's a lot of band photos. Still, I'm just saying as life records go the one on the cover is incomplete.

Erick Lyle wrote something once about publishing his Scam zine in bi-yearly editions. This was the late 90's when every 15 year old was putting out three to ten issues of their "per" zine a week. I joked about what a slacker Erick was. Bi-yearly! Once every two years! Never mind that his zine was huge and good, it just seemed like a long time between zines. I had just recently put out my first and was already working on #2. I never got it finished though and there was no second issue.

Roughly nine and a half years later I was trying to figure out what to do with all the scraps of paper I'd collected over the years. It occurred to me that I could put them together in zine format and finally put out the elusive second issue of my zine, just in time for the tenth anniversary issue. Ha! You want to see a zine editor who's a slacker. I'll show you a slacker. I only publish my zine once a decade.

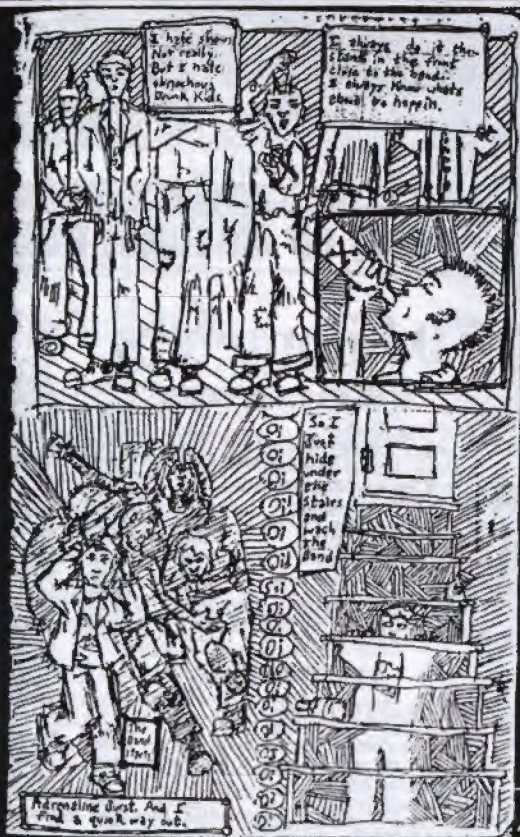
Unfortunately the project got held up because I couldn't figure out how to staple 112 pages together without buying an industrial stapler. In the end I decided to do it in two (maybe three) parts. Just to make the whole thing manageable and less overwhelming. So Here It Is! Eleven #2 part 1, just early of the eleventh year anniversary, which in some ways makes more sense. Part 2 I'm hoping to finish by spring of 09'.

This zine is a collection of stuff I've saved. A lot of it is old newspaper clippings from stuff my friends or I have been involved with. I like the idea of putting the articles in without much of my voice explaining the story behind it. Like instead of writing about the stuff I've done I'd just re-publish the stuff other people wrote about the stuff I've done. Other parts of this zine are stuff I wrote or drew for other zines and magazines. Some stuff has never seen print before. There are also things that I found or things that were given me. I tried to note when and who and where they came from but sometimes I didn't know. There were a lot of old fliers and booklets that I had and didn't know why I had them or why I kept them, but here they are. (Now I can burn them)

Collected within all the parts of Eleven #2 will be almost everything I've written since I put out Eleven #1, and almost all the news paper clippings, and a lot of the things my friends gave me, but not all. Other stuff got lost or buried in stacks of paper in a file which is in a box somewhere in a house and can wait another 11 years for issue #3.

Cont. on back inside cover →

My Attempt at a first zine: eleven wasn't really my first zine. A few months before I started working on issue 1 I did this zine called "cham zine". You know like a chain letter, but a zine. I was barely trying to get involved with zines + not do any work. Plus I was just terrified about having people read my stuff. So I made the cover, intro, + a 2 page shitty comic. Made a few copies + sent it off to some zinesters. They both added pages + sent in on to friends but after that I never heard from it again. It was supposed to come back to me after like 10 or 20 guys got it. The interesting thing is that it was almost a cool idea.



High School: this stuff all came out before I put out eleven #1, but like I said I'm just trying to get rid of this stuff so now I can throw it away.

I was not only in bands + punk + all that, but I also managed to be the captain of the cross country team for a school I didn't go to (cuz my school didn't have sports teams. → right is a picture of the team, the year we won states (I'm the guy bending down behind the guy bending down) → below that are some listings of races I ran that were printed in the paper. ↓ below is from our school paper. Our school had an end of the year show every year called commstock. During the year we'd have some fundraisers. My band swore a bunch + they made new rules. Of course at the commstock → page

inued from D1

PIONEER: challenge ings out m's best

op five finishers - on a dank day on a water-logged track, Keith Braxton finished seventh (5:39), followed by Mike (15th, 16:02), Ben Ingram (6:06) and Anton Takson (17).
er coach Don Sleeman, voted A Coach of the Year earlier, said the meet proved Pioneer tough enough to win the season easy for us all season's meet was a challenge," said. "Our kids ran great and they think they struggled, tough for the whole race."

Sleeman also praised Snyder.
"Schell ran a great race and took the lead



Band Fund-raisers 'tightened' up

-Mike Hoogendyk

Dean Judy has seen it necessary to send out a notice to people to publicize some new decisions of hers. These decisions have to do with the recent Commstock fund-raiser here at CHS. Dean Judy was shocked by the practices at that fund-raiser and thought that some changes must be made. These changes are understandable coming for a public school but they will remind us that Dean Judy came to us from Pioneer. That will also remind us of all those other drastic changes that she has made since she has taken over. She is from a more formal school which our own advisor here at the *Communicator* has called a "Real School". That must mean that CHS will be graced by Dean Judy and will join the masses of "Real Schools". We knew that this would be coming, but we did bring it upon ourselves from the recent activities at the fund-raiser. So, with no further ado, here is the announcement that Dean Judy has sent out to the student body and teachers at CHS:

After the most recent Commstock fund-raiser, I have made the following decisions:

1. We need 10 adults each hour, of which no fewer than 5 are staff members. Parents are welcome and necessary to supplement staff. Two staff members at the front door, two staff members in the auditorium, and 1 more to "rope". Staff members are important because they know the students.

2. Two people need to be at the back door to monitor bands in-and out and to keep the firelane clear. This could be two responsible students. One or two people need to be in charge of circulating around the grounds and parking lot to deter drinkers and smokers.

3. No more entering and leaving the building! Once in, you're in, once out, you're out. We need to stop condoning the smoking breaks. This needs to be well-publicized prior to the concert, as it is a change in policy and not likely to be a popular one.

4. Fire laws limit the number of people who can be in Craft Theater at one time. We will need to keep track of the number of tickets we have sold and stop sales at the limit.

5. Bands need to clean up their language and their act. I have heard enough of the F word and A word, among others, and have seen enough crotch grabbing. This is not censorship, this is the Dean telling bands that if they want to play here (a public school), they have to conform to rules and policies of conduct which govern public schools. This will have to be spelled out in writing, and signed by each member of the band or their representative who assumes responsibility. I will either pull the plug, or refuse to allow back any band who violates this.

6. The group sponsoring the fund-raiser needs to do, the following day, a sweep of the parking lot and grounds to pick up trash resulting from the fund-raiser. This means all trash and cigarette butts, beverage containers, etc. are included. This will be one tangible benefit to the school which so generously housed the fund-raiser. Also, check the halls and restrooms for graffiti, damage, trash, etc. Graffiti can be removed using the spray kept in the custodian's closet.

7. Anyone who is intoxicated, or seems to be under the influence of something illegal will have parents notified to come and pick them up. If we cannot determine parents (say a patron whom we don't know), we will call the juvenile authorities to come get that person. This is too much responsibility and liability to ignore.

I really want to be able to provide a place (CHS) for our students to have fun and hear their music. I am concerned by many things I have witnessed in fund-raisers up to now. For one thing, we seem to attract a lot of non-students. Maybe these are Huron or Pioneer students or alums. I don't feel a need to have CHS be the hang-out spot for the young adult crowd in Ann Arbor. Our target should be Ann Arbor students.

Even though we didn't see substance abuse there was substantial evidence and I have heard stories that it occurred.

I was appalled to arrive at the last fund-raiser and find the firelane blocked by cars belonging to band members. Also, the number of people in Craft was at one point so huge that we stopped playing music until the crowds had dissipated. We had seven staff members, and that did not seem like enough. My number of 10 adults, with 5 being staff members is a minimum. We have to remember that, in the words of Victoria Scott (former Activities sponsor), CHS is not a nightclub. I urge fund-raisers to go off campus and rent a hall if they cannot abide by the standards outlined above.

the Communicator Date? 93-94-95ish

FIRST OF AMERICA RUN

A^cnews May 1994

10 Kilometers

MALES 13 AND UNDER

Scott R. Carty, Canton	(387)	00:48:04
Charles Lang, Ann Arbor	(432)	00:48:40
Sean T. Galvin, Plymouth	(524)	00:50:19
Chris H. Cain, Ann Arbor	(737)	00:55:26
Matthew Behrens, Dearborn Heights	(755)	00:55:53
Stephen A. Sepaniak, Ann Arbor	(784)	00:56:49
Robert Jacobs, Dexter	(825)	00:57:52
Robert H. Demisick, Ann Arbor	(867)	01:00:20
Anton A. Wortman, Ann Arbor	(953)	01:11:26

MALES 14 TO 17

Joshua J. Sanchez, Ann Arbor	(38)	00:37:42
Ryan J. Dejonckheere, Ann Arbor	(52)	00:38:51
Keith Erickson, Brighton	(54)	00:39:00
Chas F. Arnold, Ann Arbor	(60)	00:39:18
Joshua D. Metzler, Chelsea	(72)	00:39:47
Benjamin M. Jansson, Ann Arbor	(99)	00:41:27
Marco Mahrus, Ann Arbor	(135)	00:43:00
Ben Stickler, Ann Arbor	(136)	00:43:00

Ann Arbor News

SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1995

FIRST OF AMERICA RUN

10 Kilometers

MALES 13 AND UNDER

Jon C. Little, Plymouth	(125)	42:51
Benjamin H. Salvette, Ann Arbor	(134)	42:58
Bradley L. Thomson, Ann Arbor	(172)	44:00
Kevin M. Spangler, Manchester	(338)	47:46
Charles Lang, Ann Arbor	(427)	49:38
Zachary J. Barricklow, Ypsilanti	(448)	49:57
Scott Leadbetter, Standish	(454)	50:09
Jake M. Jacobs, Dexter	(537)	52:27
Robert H. Demisick, Ann Arbor	(560)	53:09
Adam Brinkman, Ann Arbor	(596)	54:05
Jim Glysinski, Brights Grove On, CN	(822)	1:02:55
Matthew T. Socks, Dexter	(837)	1:03:53

MALES 14 TO 17

Nate Montgomery, Havana, IL	(16)	34:37
Joshua J. Sanchez, Ann Arbor	(46)	39:06
Mac M. Vanvolkinburg, Ann Arbor	(71)	40:15
Matthew A. Wehrman, Pinckney	(73)	40:20
Keith Erickson, Brighton	(92)	41:43
Brian Galvin, Plymouth	(180)	44:10
Darryl Pavey, Brights Grove On, CN	(278)	46:37
Daniel F. Cytacki, Livonia	(291)	46:52
Keith Olzar, Troy	(355)	48:15
Paul M. Behrens, Dearborn Heights	(405)	49:16
Timothy J. Harrington, Ann Arbor	(430)	49:42
John P. W. Demisick, Ann Arbor	(433)	49:44
Ulrik Laursen, Ann Arbor	(516)	51:42

Michael Blayvas, Ann Arbor
Michael G. Kraus, Jackson
Larry W. Mattocks, Michigan
Donald J. Packard, Ann Arbor
Hristos Anastassiu, Ann Arbor
Michael P. Hendel, Ann Arbor
Eric L. Doyle, Novi
Isobel T. O'Brien, Sylvan
Edward J. Washington, Livonia
Timothy J. Keenan, Westland
Joseph M. Lekovich, Farmington Hills
Todd D. Fadoir, Dearborn
Martin E. Steinhauer, Canton
Chris B. Olson, Ann Arbor
Kyle Daxey, Ann Arbor
John F. Cork, Ann Arbor
Michael L. Chuang, Ann Arbor
Michael G. Morrison, Dearborn
James M. Stengel, Livonia
Joseph P. Galea, Livonia
Douglas R. Jenkins, Farmington Hills
Eric D. Totten, Farmington Hills
Jeff M. Diffranco, Westland

Jay P. Rosett, Birmingham
Jeff D. Franklin, Farmington Hills
Larry W. Mattocks, Meridian
David L. Proegler, Ann Arbor
Michael P. Hendel, Ann Arbor
Daniel J. Padilla, Livonia
James W. Parks, Plymouth
William E. Hahn, Birmingham
Alan Wojcik, Ann Arbor
Scott A. Vaneik, Ann Arbor
James P. Vandewalker, Ann Arbor
Michael B. Cook, Canton
Brian L. Townsend, Ann Arbor
Dan Weber, Ann Arbor
Chris M. Etheridge, Canton
Christophe Metz, Ann Arbor
Eric R. Beckerman, Royal Oak
Henry J. Harrington, Ann Arbor
Daniel J. Culliton, Belleville
Ernest A. Gillenwaters, Ypsilanti
Kevin J. Bartlett, Dearborn
Peter Deininger, Ann Arbor
Mark C. Turner, Whitmore
Scott A. Brewer, Ann Arbor
Michael T. Gaynor, Hamtramck
Michael P. Derus, Ann Arbor
Lindsay Wilson, Ann Arbor
Steven A. Schultz, Canton
Eric C. Vroom, Lawrenceville
Michael W. Black, Fort Lauderdale
David T. Sullivan, Ann Arbor
David T. Wegryn, Ann Arbor
James B. White, Farmington Hills
Jeff M. Diffranco, Westland

Ann Arbor News (front page)
Spring 1996

COMMUNITY PRIDE

Graduating Community High School senior Josh Sanchez, left, enjoys the spotlight onstage at the Michigan Theater as he receives his diploma during commencement exercises Tuesday. Community High senior [redacted] (back to camera) gets a hug from junior Josh Sweeney outside the Michigan Theater just before commencement exercises.

NEWS PHOTOS • LINDA WAN

The Communicator
CHS 6 April 1995, Page 5

A2's leading cultural event a dud for local boys No fun on Hash Bash

-Dave Britt & Jaime Morales

Hash Bash is intended to be a peaceable protest, but every year on this it turns out to be a bust. On this particular April 1, a close and personal friend of mine was honking his horn in nice and friendly fun with another driver a few cars back, when a big burly man, told us to cease our activities by backhanding our friend in the face while the victim was still in the driver's seat.

Meanwhile, another redneck was harassing our other friend - who we will refer to hereafter as Dunny. The details of the incident are still a little sketchy, but what happened was during a fine show at Halfass, while Dunny was frolicking in the pit, he received a blow to the face from an unknown body part of an unknown person.

All in all Hash Bash sucked, except for Ratboy, the human Blockhead, who drove a four-inch nail into his face and, after yanking the poor thing out, proceeded to insert a screw driver into the other side of his face.

(cont.)
→ the day
after I
graduated we
played a song
that had lots
of swear words
and talked
about how
we needed
to kill the
Dean.
Punk Rock!

Commstock 12: An afternoon of music and fun

ANN ARBOR: In the late sixties and early seventies, Ann Arbor's West Park was the location of concerts that are still remembered today as some of the best rock and roll shows ever. Such bands as the Grateful Dead, MC5 and Janis Joplin's Big Brother and the Holding Company were among the legendary performances.

Recalling the energy of those earlier days, West Park has been home to Commstock, an annual showcase of the talented local bands. Commstock has established itself as a significant event in Ann Arbor's thriving music scene. This year's twelfth annual Commstock will feature ten outstanding bands.

With headlining talent the Lucky Haskins, Ann Arbor's hottest high school band, Commstock 12 promises to be a bigger event than ever. A rockabilly band with a slight punk edge, the Lucky Haskins are sure to hit it big.

After a December, 1995 performance, Don Ruedisueli of the *Metro Times*, said "If you want to talk about opportunity, just look at the Lucky Haskins. Here they are, three Ann Arbor kids still in high school, and they're performing rockabilly, of all things, in front of the area's musical elite at the Detroit Music Award's show." Not only have the Lucky Haskins performed at the Detroit Music Awards, but they also have opened for rockabilly legend Carl Perkins, headlined the Detroit Rockabilly Shakedown and played numerous other shows in the Metro Detroit area.

Also featured in this year's Commstock are Ann Arbor's up-and-coming stars Red Herring. With a brand new self-titled CD release, this band is hot. A six-piece band with two drummers, Red Herring is sure to attract attention with their new CD and future shows.

Commstock 12 also features Strictly Game, a rap trio reminiscent of the Beastie Boys and NWA; Adam and the Nitros, a surf rock band; Muzzle, an alternative rock trio; Corruption Committee, a rap group complete with a talented DJ; Los Diablos, a hot young country band; Digg It, a band combining folk and funk; Eye Guy, a new wave band; and Blue Onion, a punk band with a style like no other.

Commstock 12 will be held on Thursday, June 13 from 12:00 PM until 7:00 PM at West Park, located on North Seventh Avenue. Admission is free, and proceeds from sales of Commstock merchandise go to benefit the Packard Community Clinic, a free health care clinic set up to aid those who cannot afford standard health care.

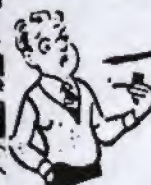
For further information, contact: *Call Dave...*

"The mass of men serve the state thus, not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, jailors, constables, posse comitatus, etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purposes as well. Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of dirt. They have the same sort of worth only as horses and dogs. Yet such as these even are commonly esteemed good citizens. Others—as most legislators, politicians, lawyers, ministers, and officeholders—serve the state chiefly with their heads; and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are as likely to serve the Devil, without intending it, as God. A very few, as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and men, serve the state with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it."

Henry David Thoreau,
"Civil Disobedience"

YOU OWN YOUR WATCH.

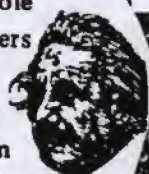
DO YOU OWN YOUR CHILDREN?



You're my kid, and
you'll do what I say!

Young people are not the property
of their parents.

"This crippling of individuals
I consider the worst evil
of capitalism. Our whole
educational system suffers
from this evil. An
exaggerated competitive
attitude is inculcated in
the student, who is trained
to worship acquisitive success
as a preparation for his
future career."



—Albert Einstein, 1949

"We can't have education
without revolution."

—Helen Keller, 1911

The
**Burning
ARCH**

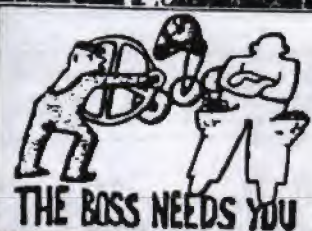
I'm on FIRE!

This Exploits Women

This Exploits Young People

WOMEN ARE NOT
PROPERTY OF
THEIR HUSBANDS.

CHILDREN ARE NOT
PROPERTY OF
THEIR PARENTS!



THE BOSS NEEDS YOU



YOU DON'T NEED HIM

FAGGOT!

★ HOW DO YOU KNOW YOUR BEST FRIEND'S STRAIGHT? Homophobia is running wild in our schools, we need to crush it. It needs to bleed.

★ HOMOPHOBICS ANTHEM: "I don't care if people are gay, as long as they stay away from me." Hetero men seem not to like the idea of being treated, in any way, like how they treat wimmin'. What starts with an H and ends in YPOCRITE?

★ BOYS- Stop acting "tough" or "manly", c'mon, what are you afraid of? ■

sensual and the cerebral

a benefit for WCBN-88.3FM



Merge recording artists:

Monaural

Special Performance by:

Maschina

DJ Repete

and the Robot Unlimited Orchestra

Performance Designs and Fashion Theater:

Infinite Dimensions

Textural Soundscapes:

The Smoking Kind

Avant-Garde Dance:

Control Panel w/Heart and Hand

Spoken Words:

Greg Rockford

Space Technologies Feature Artist:

Matt Gordon

Sculpture and Paintings:

Camilo Pardo

Leif

Jeremy Harvey

Adam Sweeny

Hosted by John Rastafari

Sound Engineering:

Starkweather Sound

nectarine ballroom 11.22.98

angelfire.com/ny/superbadass or 313.990.1995 for info

<A PSYCHO-ACTIVE SBA PROD.>

Cast of characters:

1. She definitely a woman who has been beaten down but can still be strong
two change of outfits, opening (?) and foxy gear
2. 4 'metal dudes' the idea for their costume is supposed to be like armor, may be made out of metal or painted cardboard but stiff and flat. might be elevated to increase height by platforms or stilts (?)
3. 1 or 2 two-faced char. cardboard or chickenwired double mask or one mask and face painted. probably some kind of cloak-gear or simple garb to cover rest of body.
4. 2 or 3 reflective char. maybe rectangular box around shoulders w/ loose netting hanging down w/ reflectives attached or more dress-like w/ netting, cardboard and reflectives.
5. 6 agrees w/ all similar outfits on but two different shades used for two sides probably like street gear.
6. 4 lovely good-time nature folk will be kickin the woods/field gear. maybe leaves flattened between wax paper and made into outfits but very cute and berry-ish.
7. 4 sea creatures w/ turn into angels. maybe flying on parachute too. so maybe smaller in built, bit graceful movement, peaceful calm, tranquil aura. Costume will be big and structured around body with needs met to use wings into angels. probably light, transparent-ish maybe illuminated w/ light glow-in-the-dark materials.

We are definitely into suggestions about pre- much everything, but we do have certain ideas we want to express which we have described, so lets work together and feed each other feedback and make a creation as well as a point. It's all about cultural contribution!

15 fitting my house
19 4th ave 9:00pm (Pohor)

My friends
Amber +
Bee were
part of the
above event.
It was kinda
a mix of
performance
art/fashion
show. I got
to be a
guy w/ two
faces. It
was a pretty
crazy fun
event. Right
is the script.
left is the
cast of
characters.

INFINITE DIMENSIONS: future dimensions [11.22]

a scene a place what's in the space....

Scene 1

lights come up as She is walking down the street (st scene being projected on back wall). First metal dude comes out of woodwork and stands directly in her path. She moves around obstacle continuing on her way and two more metal char. come out and impeded her process. (kind of like blocks piling up against her) She continues to try to be on her way and not held up by the obvious blocking of path. The obstacle is obviously aimed toward her. Another metal person comes out and they start to gang up and block her path. While the metal is circulating, they have more interactions w/ each other trying to impeded her process and tensions start to build w/in their community. Soon metal dudes are fighting amongst themselves and separate into two groups fighting...

Scene 2...

As fighting is climaxing other char. start to emerge, sides supporting one 'team' or the other erupt and two groups of people enter both sides of stage (wearing two different colors as a form of two distinct sides, rooting). While groups are emerging, fighters have separated into one team behind curtain and other in front of curtain. (perhaps we will have mirrored fighting movements on either side of curtain or the shadows will lead and the up-front team will try to mask moves creating a delayed, repeated action, but we need to decide based on who is what).

Also, other char. emerging include 1 or 2 two-faced creatures. (Their two facedness symbolizing the ability to see truly while in their inner-world, but putting on a mask to the outer world and ignoring the issues at hand.) The other group of 2 or 3 is people wearing reflectives (mirrors or reflectors) in some for of outfit thus symbolizing seeing the actions but not letting the events penetrate, they just put back what they let in, which is nothing. Imagine mirrored eyes just letting the world look back at itself. Perhaps like a child, they don't really have power to be anything except for what the environment makes them into. All people will be wondering around in colliding circles looking at each other but not trying to help the situation. Chaos is amounting. Meanwhile She is trying to actively help the situations at hand but so many things are going on that she can't address all of them and is therefore bouncing to each situation trying to interact but confused and bewildered She starts to loose hope and strength....

Scene 3..

All is not dismal and dreary for our heroine! Starting to appear from the woodwork are some sparks of hope. The lovely good-time nature folk dressed in some raw materials (leaves, natural gear) start to appear, catching She's eye just as a glimps out of the corner. Tensions are definitely mounting and focus will go back onto fighting shadow pairs and they have the bomb-out fall-out and destroy each other and tumble to the ground which breaks a tension and physically changes the vibe. Once power struggle is over, rooters who have been hanging onto every motion are knocked up side the head and confused. They stop cheering and nodding and look around confused. Running around and distress tweaks but lovely good-time nature folk take force and run through crowd w/ She and they all meet in front of stage. Focus and lights go onto them as background chaos fades back into the darkness. Nature folk and She frolick and then lights cut and they leave. Exit stage and musical interlude.

Scene 4:

Street is projected again and She is walking down it dressed in some foxy gear. Dudes in street gear (modified) are hangin out and notice her walk by and actively seek her out. They start to follow her and are being suggestive about her outfit and in transformation pull on hood which turns them into shark-looking char. Also, a fin will protrude from back and be sticking out. And dudes will start to circle around her. (this part doesn't have to be only guys, ladies could play part too) Battle ensues between She and they and they start symbolically attacking her, maybe biting or tearing of clothes. She evades, shrinks and hides from them. (this symbolically happens in ocean, so their are plenty places to hide) and she runs away from gnarliness, fleeing....

Scene 5...

On her travels, sharks get confused and stop pursuit and she runs (literally) into a large fragile looking creature. Gradually more creatures appear and She is over come by a sense of security and stability. Protective environment provided by creatures and they (like nature folk) are a good symbol. Dance w/ She, start to move together, flow in waves. Waves build and symbolic acention begins. Rising and swirling, all characters come out w/ huge parachute (symbol of waves) and begin to float She. meanwhile, creatures are easily circling and somehow metamorphosing into angels and She has been brought above gnarlerville into the sky where she is free. This is saying that there is always hope above and beyond the realistic hardships that can hold one down and give them a sinking feeling. So, happy ending for all and that's the end where we all come out and give each other bigg bugs!!!

travellin'

a cab driver sees alot of things in a city like chicago. Some of it is beautiful but too much of it really hurts if you really look at it... I see concrete and metal canyons that shut out the huge strong trees that hold so much life. Never do I hear the beauty of a robins song. I look around and see tight repressed faces holding their actors masks, as they strive to stay on top of the turning wheel in their hierarchial jobs. I yearn for a softness and easy gentle rhythm, but it is hard to find. All around seems to be noise, violence, sadness, anger, and competition... I am a part of it and it hurts!!

It is so easy to be overwhelmed by all this. And many of us are. We turn to drugs, pornography, or various isms to somehow escape. But there is no escape other than to face the danger head on. To awaken! To climb out of this polluted morass they call "america." This we can do! (Note I specifically use the word "can" because language structures consciousness and can is a word of empowerment where as "should" or "must" has a legacy of authority). We can each take measure of our lives. For me the trail to a better way of being lies in building collective institutions... Why must our families be nuclear in nature? Why does our educational system have to be modeled after a damn factory? Could we not have work places where people cooperate and make decisions as a group through dialogue and listening to each others needs? Myself I ain't a goddamn chicken and I refuse to be a part of this pecking order they call "america the free!" I want to live in harmony with nature-spirit and build a society where the values of communalism, mutual aid, sharing, direct action, decision making by consensus and no hierarchies prevail. In short this vision is one of anarchist-communism with healthy doses of african and native culture thrown in.

How? How? How do we who are european descended begin recreating our culture? The answer lies in us. Who do we interact with? There are countless opportunities to plant seeds with each person that we meet... For example because I drive a cab I come in contact with probably 400 people a week. On the dashboard of my cab I have in individual 4 by 11 cards with various things written on them. The card that prepares the ground for the planting of seeds says this "this is an anteneco" - a place for sharing of ideas. You are encouraged. Followed by the @. People right away ask: what's an "anteneco"? So I explain to them that an "anteneco" is a spanish word and that they were the places in spain, previous to the franco dictatorship, where anarchists young and old met for cultural events, reading and discussing, literacy etc. Obviously this leads to a discussion of anarchism and its merits, and because I am personable and friendly and do not lay any head trips on folks; people perhaps say to themselves "this person is not necessarily a bomb thrower and I can talk with him. When I talk with people I try to encourage dialogue with questions going back and forth. This is not all ways easy. For in our society we have been taught to dominate and win discussions rather than to

listen and facilitate learning and communication. I am still learning how to do this. Sometimes people truly hear me and when they do I give them a reading list and some anarchist literature. Most times they disagree with anarchism. Thats cool. Seeds have been planted and I suspect that in the years ahead that hard times can germinate those seeds in unseen ways!

Another card that gets lots of attention is: "is violence against wimmin a learned behavior?" Now the answer to this among most of us is obviously yes. But it encourages people to talk. Its interesting, a good many of the people that have picked up on it have been men. One guy, a corporate business man in his 40s, has been devastated recently to find out that a boyhood friend, a millionaire four times over, someone he admired, has been filming his 16 year daughter in "sex" scenes for distribution... So we talked about the role of the media in encouraging pornography-exploitation rather than the beauty of eroticism between adults. I don't know how other people feel but it seems to me that the so called "sexual revolution" has just led to more exploitation of wimmin and children. And given the capitalist-hierarchial structure of our society that ain't no surprise baby... Recently I picked up in my cab, a guy, hoarse voice, commodities trader. The image that comes to mind immediately is the fast lane, drugs and sex for this guy. I was wrong. This man was a recovering alcoholic who, through being around a lot of loving folks, was learning to care about himself and others, especially wimmin. For in his family as he grew up he watched his dad, an alcoholic, hurt his mom real bad. It was these images of beatings, the screams of his mom, the treating of her like a thing, a possession, that he was having trouble shaking. This man knew all ready too well the learned behavior of men in our society to violate wimmin!!

Its raining here in chicago. Normally I enjoy a gentle rain. But I feel no comfort, as the wipers of my cab go back and forth they often make me meditative. Not today. The rain and wipers are a driving relentless beat that focuses my attention on the faces I have seen of those who died recently in waco, texas. Those precious children with so many hopes. I want to vomit with rage! To strike back: upon my dashboard I have placed a card "people die in waco, texas: u.s. Government has excuses?" I want people to think. To feel. To plant a seed of revolt in peoples hearts. As I talk with folks I am surprised some are critical of the f.B.I. And the role of government. As one corporate guy said after we went back and forth over the issue: "keep the signs up." That made me feel good. I also had a guy and his wife from fox lake, il. She was a bartender and he a construction worker. Workin folks going to party at "butch mequires" a "rush street joint." But they felt, they saw and knew that the government had screwed up.

But of course there are the others. Those who want to stick their heads in the sand. Who want to believe the ready excuses of this u.s. Government and the culture it represents. A society that has unleashed its viciousness for 200 years on the native peoples, the africans, the people

of the philippines, vietnamese, the iraqis and on and on... And now as this u.s. Society becomes more fragmented and its people more depressed and disturbed strange things begin to happen.

The so called "white americans," the "mainstream," searches frantically for meaning in their lives and becomes involved in cults, drugs, whatever. In their endless, desperate path toward what they hope will be some measure of happiness they inevitably come in conflict with the almighty "state." A state, a culture of controllers that is becoming increasingly alarmed that its "white americans" just won't be satisfied. The controllers must stop the rising dissent for not to do so would in time reveal a truth, a truth that in time will become self evident to all that this "precious american system is foul and inoperable !!!

So much for my anger. It helps a little bit to express it but not much. The folks in waco, texas are still dead. And as I talk with people I try to point out; it is because of the very nature of these all powerful hierarchial institutions, be they family, the school, the economic institutions, or the state, that leads to awful repression. Once the wheels of power start turning they will grind down whatever gets in their way... There is a mind set, a culture, a rhythm of control that leads so called "good people" who are functionaries within the state to do terrible things. Throughout "history" we can see this... So people have said to me today "the f.B.I. Could have waited in waco, texas. They should have taken all the time in the world to get those children out safely." No way baby! Every state or institution of power has its breaking point, where if it does not keep moving and controlling it will contradict its very nature and begin to fragment... I think we will see more wacos the years ahead. The velvet glove that for so long only came off when dealing with "people of color" is now coming off more readily... Perhaps we who are of european descent can begin to awaken to the desperate need for the social re-creation of our culture that can take place!!

This process of talking with people and communicating the need for real social change is often frustrating, sometimes hopeful, but often sad, because I can feel the beauty of people and their opportunities for growth if they only awaken and see. The time is very short in our society. The devastation that we have done and continue to do to nature-spirit is a ticking bomb that will do us in as a species.

I suspect there will come a time when those who think like us will either be in jail or underground. Some of us are already... I worry that when the struggle takes on a guerrilla phase about whether you and I can keep our humanity and continue to grow and love. Or will we be consumed by bitterness and rage... But right now my role is to foster communication. To spread the beautiful seed of anarchist communism. Something that each of us can do!

Power with @
purple bruise

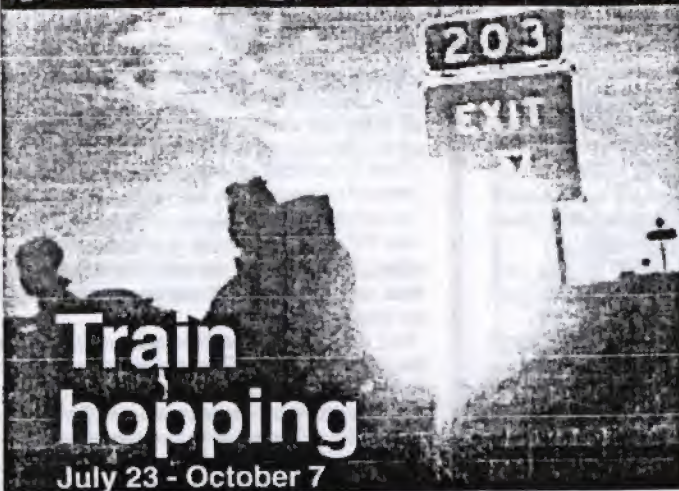
This was in my pile of stuff I had a few copies that I think I was scared to read past up.

Ah, yes. the first time I took a long train trip. We got back & then were asked to be interviewed for my former high school paper.

To say the least it was really strange being interviewed by kids I'd gone to school with only a year ago.

Anyway, here's the article they wrote about us. I've kept it around for so long & now I can throw it away since it's been re-printed & "published".

Looking over it now, I'm pretty sure every quote is a miss-quote. (my first time in a long run of being miss-quoted) But, the kids were all young & the interview wasn't recorded so I forgive them. They seemed to just kinda take some ideas we said & mix them w/ things they were thinking & then make up what we said. oh well.

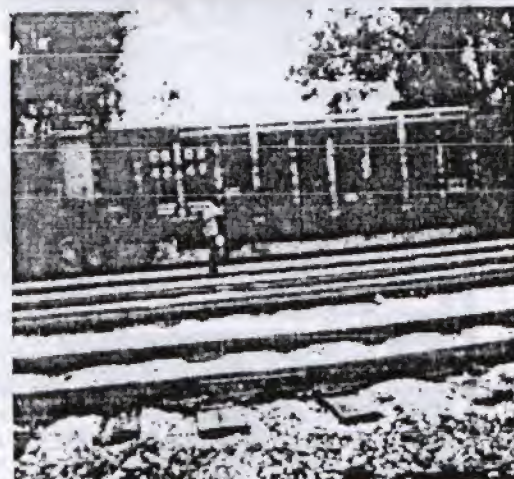


Train hopping

July 23 - October 7



Above: Early morning on the road Right: Josh sees the prairie from a box car Left: Amber and Jason get to ride in the cab Below: Hitchhiking in Ohio Bottom: The Toledo yards
-Photos by Josh Sanchez



"I was impressed by the mere fact that the travellers went in those conditions: little food and sleep would be very hard to deal with on a day-to-day basis. I don't think I could do it."

-TR

Prized possessions:

"Garlic cloves. Chewing garlic keeps mosquitos away."

"I had strep throat for a while and vitamins and garlic helped."

"I only had about \$300 to start off with, but we didn't really need much money."

Josh's conclusions:

"Hitchhiking is like begging."

"We had to put up with some weirdos. Lewd offers were made, but we knew what to do, how to behave."

"Riding the trains was more relaxing (than hitching or busing), even in an open gondola or piggy-back car. Waking up and seeing raw nature was so visually stimulating. The only man-made thing we could see was the freight car we were riding."

Kevin's conclusions (younger brother): "I'm going with him next summer (Colorado?). It sounds like such an adventure: I have to do it."

Josh's backpack contents:

- One change of clothing
- One extra long-sleeved sweatshirt
- One extra pair of sweats
- Sleeping bag (until it blew off the train on the way home)
- Two water bottles
- One book
- One sketch book
- One journal
- Markers and pens
- Aspirin
- Razor
- Garlic
- Vitamin C

Illegality, private property, railroad cops (bulls)

Railroads are private or government property and if you are on their property, you are trespassing. "There was no problem with municipal police; it was the railroad 'bulls' we had to be cautious about. They mostly sit in their offices or cars and wait for complaints to come in. Once, when they caught us, they just took us to a local shelter to spend the night."

"Police came to interview us at a Wendy's in Ohio when someone reported that we might be run-aways, but we could easily prove we were all old enough to be on our own."

Drugs?

A class member asked if they looked at desert sunsets under the influence.

"I don't use any kind of drugs. Why would I want the effect of a drug to get in the way of experiencing the real thing? The beauty of the natural landscape would not have been improved by such external stimulus. I don't need it."

Scary moments

Josh Sweeney tells of the time he was pulling one of his companions up by their belt onto a moving box car and they got caught on another part of the car's iron. "For a minute, there, I thought I'd have to let him fall off."

Josh Sanchez remembers running out of food and one of his pals said he was afraid they'd starve to death before they got home. "Relax, I told him. It takes more than a week to starve to death."

"I know people who have a wooden foot and wooden leg now, simply because they were travelling while drinking. It's not worth that."

-Josh Sanchez

- Josh Sanchez, 1996 CHS grad
- Josh Sweeney and Jason VanMeter former CHSers
- Amber

ITINERARY:

Ann Arbor, MI
Toledo, OH
hitchhike
St. Louis, MO
Kansas City, KS
freight trains
North Platte, NB
Cheyenne, WY
Albuquerque, NM
Los Angeles, CA
San Francisco, CA
Oakland, CA
Eugene, OR
Portland, OR
Seattle, WA
returning home
Portland, OR
Cheyenne, WY
Omaha, NB
bus to Ann Arbor

Inter-personal relationships:

"At one point I thought I could kill by fellow travelers just to get my only long-sleeved sweat shirt back."

Regrets:

"...Dropping our camera from the train and watching it disappear into the distance as it broke open and spewed the film all over the tracks and gravel behind us..."

reprinted from
Bad Ideas #4
Fall 2K4

Columns



"We don't even know what time it is. And we can go over there to see what's there." -from the movie Three Wishes

We'd somehow all ended up in the same car. All four of us. That never happens, but this was the third time this trip. Abby had a knack for convincing drivers to pick up four hitchhikers instead of just two and we all got to stay together. Abby in front, Alex and CJ (the one from my book) and I were in the back. The driver was a lonely collage student who just dropped off her best friend and was headed back to Cincinnati by herself. She told us she'd never picked up a hitchhiker before. But now she'd just picked up four really dirty, smelly, scrappy kids from Michigan. Humans never cease to amaze me. To me, it seems pretty unsafe for a woman driving by herself to pick up a hitchhiker, but four, and their backpacks just seemed ridiculous. My faith in humanity goes up every time someone alone picks me and a friend up. My faith was souring. All of us kept getting picked up by the same car. It was easier than when I'd traveled with just one other person. I couldn't understand it.

We got to Cincinnati just after dark. The student dropped us off at a gas station pointing down the road, "I think the train yard is that way." We thanked her for the ride to Cincinnati. Then thanked her again for going out of her way to drop us off so near the train yard. We started walking towards the direction she pointed. Passing three kids who gave us the look over. The train yard was only a few blocks away. The street we were on went on a bridge over the train yard. We tried to turn off the street we were on and head into the yard only to realize we'd have to walk through the front gate and most likely get caught. So we decided to walk over the bridge and come in from the back of the yard.

When we'd reached the end of the bridge we took a look over the side to get a birds-eye view and hopefully find a way in. Figures that there was a stupid river running between the streets on this side of the bridge and the train yard. It's not a big river, ten maybe fifteen feet across, too far to jump. But being a few hundred miles from home with no plans on going back any time soon, getting completely wet seems like such a bad idea. Should we cross back over and try to sneak in the front, try to find a way over the river, maybe a way to climb down from the bridge right in to the yard? We're arguing when I see the three kids from the gas station coming up from behind us. I'm hoping they don't mess with us.

"What you doing?" one asks.

"Uh," what do you tell three kids when they catch you train hopping? "We're trying to get down there so we can get on a train."

"What? You crazy. Yer parents must be worried. Y'all should go home."

"Uh, we live in Michigan, we rode trains to get here."

"Damn! You rode trains all the way from Michigan"

"And a little bit of walking, and hitchhiking."

"You crazy." They tell us again. "Y'all got money, how do you eat?"

"We have a little money. And some food in our bags, but mostly we just dumpster what we eat."

"Huh?"

"Get food from a stores trash"

"Aww, that's nasty!"

"No man, they throw away good food that they can't sell anymore, sometimes they put it in boxes. I found like nine still warm pizzas in the trash once."

"And you ate it?"

"Yeah, and it was good, too."

"I don't know about all that." It gets quiet as we stand back, each group contemplating each other. Then one of the kids speaks up. "We know how to get in there, c'mon we'll show you." So they lead us in to their neighborhood. Two of the kids are black the other is white. They're twelve, twelve and thirteen years old. I don't remember their names. They rattle away in a constant stream of questions and stories. I'm

laughing to myself cuz they look like every twelve/thirteen year old I know. Betrayed by their bodies which have grown a foot in the last year, all in leg and arms. Huge awkward feet and hands, tripping over themselves, and laughing at their own questions.

"Do you n' her," He points to Abby. "bump and grind?"

"What? Do we... oh, um...no we're friends"

"What 'bout them?" pointing at CJ and Alex

"No we're all just friends." They tell about the fort they built and how it's near the train yard. Some construction workers helped them. It's three stores tall and has electricity. Cool fort. They tell us we can sleep there if we want.

Our entire day might have just been changed into a Disney story about the forties. You know, the happy tramps meet the neighborhood children, sleep in their fort and fall in love with the town. They quit tramping and become happy members of the community, "The End." But Disney doesn't make movies about these kids.

"When I first moved here," the white kid tells me. "I used to get messed with at school. So I brought my .22 to school. After that the kids stopped messing with me."

"See that street" one points. "Don't go up there, ever, it's really dangerous. White guy drove up there by accident a little while ago. They tipped over his car and shot him."

I've walked into ghettos before. You just act like your not an idiot and you're fine. Nothing's ever happened to me. But I also never heard gunshot from the train yard like I did in Cincinnati. And no ones ever talked to me like these kids were either. People sitting on there porch watched the seven of us walk by. They probably don't see that too often. Latter Abby said that she thinks those kids gave us safe passage. I don't know, nothings ever happened to me, but I did notice the amount of eyeballs we were getting from the neighborhood seemed lessened because we had guides.

The kids showed us their fort and a small one-car bridge over the river, which turned out to be a drainage ditch, but a wide, deep ditch all the same. They pointed the way, asked us again if we wouldn't consider calling our parents and going home. They said they'd be worried about us and that they'd pray for us.

"Y'all got a gun?"

"No."

"Y'all want one? I can go home and get one for you."

We told them to keep their guns and said good bye. They were worried we'd get ourselves killed. Which is funny cuz we knew their situation was way worse than ours could ever be. And ours was temporary and intentional.

Inside the train yard it looked completely empty. We decided to walk all the way back to the bridge where we met the kids cuz when we crossed over it sure looked busy.

Later when we finally found some trains that were moving we hid under the bridge to figure out what's next. We ate a bit and checked our maps. I found another spoon on the ground, this was my second spoon this trip, so I decided to start a collection. By the time I got to New Mexico I had five, but I'm getting ahead of myself. From Cincinnati we were trying to catch a train to St. Louis or at least Indianapolis, which was on the way, or even better, Kansas City, which was passed St. Louis. The problem was St. Louis was west and the tracks in this yard ran north/south. The map said trains go to St. Louis from Cincinnati so it must turn west, but does it turn west, north of the yard or south? We decided since there wasn't any yard workers to ask that we'd get on one heading south. At least that way we wouldn't end up back where we started.

Hours later we finally started climbing over trains to get to other trains so see if they were going to move. We started hearing gun shots a ways off but not to far, in the direction we'd just come from, from those kid's neighborhood. And to make things even more scary the spaces between sets of tracks was really small. Walking between them we could almost touch both trains with our shoulders, and with or back packs on it became hard to turn around. Trains are funny, with a car or any other motorized thing you can tell when it's on and might move because it makes noise. The engine of a train can be half a mile away sometimes you can't hear a thing. You can be next to or on a train you think is dead (off) and it will jump suddenly ten feet forwards or backwards or start moving so slow you can't tell until it touches you. On the other hand a sitting train's brake line can be making all sorts of noise, you'll sit on it for six hours before realizing that there's no Unit (engine).

Eventually we got on a moving grainer (car that carries grain, it has two porches one on either end that you can ride on). CJ and I were on the front porch Alex and Abby on the back and were just pulling out of the yard three hours after we'd gotten there. Then the train stops. And starts going backwards. I'm not too worried, this has happened before when they needed to hump (put) more cars on the train. It's annoying and jolting but it never takes more than a few hours and then the train goes. But this time we start going backwards up a steep hill. I don't want to move cuz there are lights and people everywhere, but now I'm starting to get worried. I've never even seen a train go up a steep hill. The hill levels off and I breath a sigh of relief, until I see a yard worker reach in between our car and the one in front of us and pull a lever. I stare in disbelief as our car starts rolling still backwards, down the other side of the hill and disengages from the car in front of us. We're now free rolling backwards into a train yard going forty with no way to stop and hundreds of train cars to crash into.

What they were doing was separating the cars. They push the whole train over the hill and release each car from the train and send down the hill, then depending on the type of car they switch it to a different line (set of tracks). So all the box cars go one way all the gainers go another the container cars go that way and on and on. The problem for us is that the hill is steep and the cars go fast. When a fast car hits another one (or more than one) that aren't moving it's kinda like hitting a really thick wall. I've seen the wheels lift off the ground when one car hit another too hard. I've seen completely rusted boxcar doors slam closed. You don't want to be on a car that hit another at that speed. And we were rolling fast through a yard, backwards, and I could hear and see trains colliding all around us. I told CJ to hold on to something, and braced myself. A few minutes later the car had slowed down enough for us to jump off. They sent us on a line that no other car had been put on yet. Lucky us. It was also lucky that we'd all been on the same car, if we hadn't we be scattered all over the yard. And now, from where we were standing, we could see how big the yard was. There was about forty or fifty lines in this yard and we were standing right in the middle. To our left, twenty train tracks, to our right, twenty more. All over the place were moving cars that had just been pushed over the hill and eerily weren't making any noise as they rolled by fast enough to kill you.

First we carefully got off the tracks. And walked over by the "river" to calm down and collect ourselves. Then we got back on another train. This time it didn't stop outside the yard, it kept going and curved!

"St. Louis here we come." The train tracks rose above the ground about a hundred feet and continued on which I'd never been on before. We could look down at the back of old factories, see the fifty-year-old crumbling ads and abandoned cars. Cincinnati is mostly in a valley. This part was in the hills. There were also almost no lights where we were. We could look out at the city spread out before us - streetlights below and the stars above. It was amazing, and then we went over the river. Not a little river like we have in Michigan. This river was huge. And we could look off the side of the train down, down, down at the water. And the highway bridge ran right next to the train bridge. So close we could have jumped on to the highway from the train. We sat there watching folks dive along side us totally unaware that we existed.

We crossed the river, the highway went one way and we went another. It was dark, not much we could do but sleep. We stayed awake a little on pure adrenaline, talking and looking, but then fell asleep.

In the morning we looked at the passing towns trying to figure out how close to St. Louis we were. "What's that license plate say?"

"Kentucky! Oh no!"

"Oops."

••

I was going to do some rumor control and write about what this time and the house it's run out of are all about, cuz I've heard some stupid shit. But I ran out of time and I wanted to do that one well. It's really amazing how little time I have now that I quit my job. Next time I promise. Just remember, don't believe anything that you don't know about, and don't go telling other people information if you haven't checked if it's real.

-STENCIL SHOW!!! 8:00 pm OCT. 23rd at the Above Ground Hair Salon. Corner of Liberty and State, above the ice cream place. The door is on State. I'm gonna have some stencils there and so will a bunch of kids. There's no cover and no age limit.

-The NOTHING, which is the best band to come out of ann arbor since Morsel, is playing their last show/record release party at the end of the month or beginning of the next. Look for fliers.

-Hey folks! This time is going broke and down hill. We need to start making money or this won't last. Anyone know someone who wants to donate money, or buy an ad, or buy some bulk copies and back issues and sell them, or help us get better distro? Cause if you do, we could use them badly. Give us a call, thanks.

-Nov 2nd. Versificators, parking garage tour, be there.

-contact me at reddjosh@hotmail

-does anyone read this?

if you can read this, it's just out of date

Out Now!
BLUE ONION

What'd we break this time....
5 song Finch record find out

we not only talked about it for five years we actually did it!

What ever happen to Blue Onion
What, the fuck are they singing about
How many people are actually in the Band

on Sale at

encore records
Wazoo's
Cat's Meow
Vinyl Joe's

Also form Nolva
Antronylon
Ann Arbor Area
Cass comp.
Featuring:
Chore, Noddy & Noddy
Blue onion, Mazinga,
Pleasanton, + more...
17 bands. \$5 PPD

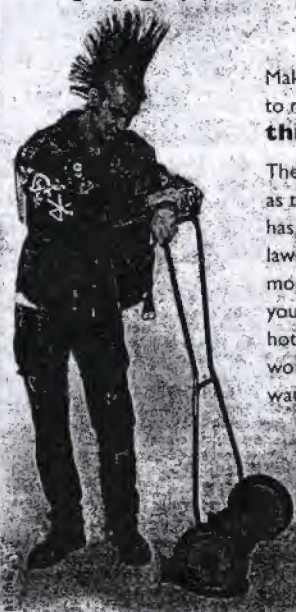
Q: How many members of Blue Onion does it take to screw a light bulb?
A: ? (you'll have to buy record to find out)

on Mail order it for 4\$ PPD. Ann

1826 vtrnankay
ann arbor MI.
48103

Old Band release flier?

Got grass? Mow high!



Make your lawn easler and cheaper to maintain by mowing high — **three inches** is the rule!

The roots of your lawn grow as deep as the grass grows tall, so taller grass has deeper, healthier roots. Keep your lawn 3" or higher and never cut off more than 1/3 of the blade each time you mow. A healthy lawn tolerates hot, dry weather better — so you won't need to spend your summer watering and fertilizing.

Now high
Save time money

A chuck got asked to pose for this ad in like 48. He got payed a bit + it was funny still use it.

S.S. HUCKLEBERRY II

JULY 8th, 1999

May + I spent that whole summer doing insane stuff.

Like raft making, turning out night into a movie complet with pop-corn + making the whole town angry. You know, stuff like that.

She wrote this for a zine she was working on + never finished. She gave me a copy, and here it is.



LAST NIGHT WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY. THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE S.S. HUCKLEBERRY II. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE RIDING DOWN THE HURON RIVER ON TOP OF A BUNCH OF OIL BARRELS, SOME 2x4s, AND ROPE. IT WAS A VICTORY OF TWO KIDS BORED TO THE POINT OF INSANITY.

IT STARTED ONE AVERAGE, BORING DAY AT THE FLEETWOOD. I WAS SITTING WITH JOSH, WE WEREN'T TALKING. HE WAS READING "HUCKLEBERRY FINN" AND I WAS DOING SOMETHING (PROBABLY DRAWING) + MOPING ABOUT SOMETHING DUMB. HE FINISHED THE BOOK AND STARTED TALKING ABOUT HOW HE WANTED A RAFT.

WE DECIDED TO GO TO THE BROWN JUG, IT WAS CLOSING DOWN AND THERE WAS A CRAZY PARTY. WE WENT THERE AND IT WAS PRETTY WEIRD AND A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE THERE SO WE LEFT. WALKING AROUND AIMLESSLY JOSH SAID "LET'S BUILD A RAFT." I THOUGHT HE WAS KIDDING UNTIL THE BACK OF HIS TRUCK WAS FILLED WITH WOOD AND RAILROAD TIES, AND WE WERE AT MIERS BUYING ROPE + NAILS.

WE WENT TO THIS PARK AND CONSTRUCTED THE HEAVIEST, SHITTIEST RAFT POSSIBLE. WE COULDN'T EVEN LIFT IT OVER TO THE WATER. WE DEVISED A WEIRD (LIFT + TURN) WAY OF MOVING IT. WHEN WE FINALLY GOT IT READY WE TRIED TO SMASH AN OLD BOTTLE ON IT, BUT IT WOULDN'T BREAK SO WE THREW IT AT A ROCK AND SAID THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH.

THE VOYAGE OF THE S.S. HUCKLEBERRY WAS UNDER GO (UNTIL I GOT ON). I WAS SORT OF SURFING A FOOT UNDER WATER VERY SLOWLY DOWN STREAM. JOSH WAS LAUGHING VERY HARD, AND WAS VERY DRY ON SHORE. SO OUR FIRST TRY WAS A SORRY ONE. I FOUND OUT LATER THAT RAILROAD TIES ARE FULL OF CHEMICALS AND WERE ONE OF THE HEAVIEST THINGS WE COULD USE.

THE NEXT DAY WE CONCLUDED THAT OUR FIRST TRY WAS BOUND TO FAIL SINCE WE DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT CAREFULLY. NOW NOW SINCE WE HAD REALLY CONTEMPLATED EVERYTHING, IT WAS VERY CLEAR, WE NEEDED TIRES, A LOT OF TIRES.

SO WE FIGURED WHAT BETTER PLACE TO GET TIRES THAN THE DUMP. SO WE WALKED ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE FENCE + FOUND A COUPLE CAR TIRES AND A HUGE TRACTOR TIRE. THE TRACTOR TIRE WAS LETHAL. JUST PICTURE TWO PUNKS RUNNING AFTER A HUGE TIRE ROLLING FULL SPEED DOWN A HILL. OF COURSE 3 TIRES WASN'T NEARLY ENOUGH TO KEEP A RAFT FLOATING, WE NEEDED MORE. WE SNUCK BACK INTO THESE WOODS ON THE SIDE OF THE DUMP. JOSH CLIMBED A FALLEN TREE + JUMPED THE FENCE ONTO A MT. OF TOTALLED CARS. HE CAME BACK WITH TWO TIRES AND WE MADE OUR WAY TO SOME APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT. DAMN! WE WERE SO LUCKY,



CAPT. PEAT AT THE HELM



the biggest hole



when CLEVER was smaller
THAN 100 - 1-01 CAFE GEORGETOWN MD

THERE IN THE PARKING LOT THERE WERE 3 MORE!! NOW WE HAD ENOUGH FOR SURE.

WE TOOK ALL OF THE TIRES TO THE RIVER TO START BUILDING OUR RAFT. TESTING OUT JUST HOW MUCH A TIRE WOULD FLOAT SEEMED MINORLY IMPORTANT SO WE THREW ONE INTO THE RIVER. IT WAS ABOVE WATER FOR ABOUT 10 SECONDS. I THINK WE WERE THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD THAT DIDN'T KNOW THE OLD, HARD TRUTH...TIRES DON'T FLOAT.

AFTER THAT WE DIDN'T BUILD ANY RAFTS FOR AWHILE. IT SEEMED LIKE OUR PRIDE HAD BEEN CRUSHED A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO KEEP UP OUR AMBITION. A FEW WEEKS LATER I FOUND A BUNCH OF OIL BARRELS. WE LOADED THEM IN TO JOSH'S TRUCK AND LEFT THEM BEHIND HIS HOUSE WITH THE TIRES. A LOT OF PEOPLE LAUGHED AT US + SAID "USING TIRES WAS THE SAME AS BUILDING A RAFT OUT OF IRON". THEY COULD LAUGH ALL THEY WANTED, WE HADN'T EVEN TRIED YET.

A MONTH LATER WE WERE BORED AGAIN. ACTUALLY WE WERE PROBABLY BORED EVERY DAY OF THAT MONTH BUT WE WERE BORED AND FEELING INSANE AGAIN. IT WAS TIME TO TRY AND BUILD A REAL RAFT. WE TIED FOUR BARRELS ON TO EACH SIDE OF THE RAFT. THE MAIN BOARDS WERE THE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS THAT DID WORK EVERY MORNING BEHIND JOSH'S HOUSE. THEY STARTED AT LIKE 9:00 EVERY DAY AND WOKE JOSH UP SO IT WAS ONLY FAIR THAT WE USED THEIR STUFF. WE GOT TWO

HALVES TOGETHER AND LOADED THEM INTO THE TRUCK. WE WERE GOING TO BUILD THE REST BY THE ALGAE SLIDE. THERE WERE A LOT OF CARS ON THE ROAD SO WE HAD TO MAKE SURE IT WAS CLEAR AND THEN RUN EACH HALF TO THE PARK BEFORE ANYONE COULD DRIVE BY. WE HAMMERED BOTH SIDES TOGETHER AND IT WAS DONE. WE JUST STOOD THERE FOR A MINUTE, IT WAS DONE AND IT WASN'T CRAPPY OR FALLING APART, + WE COULD PICK IT UP, NOW WHAT? THROWING IT IN THE WATER AND SEEING IT FLOAT WAS TOO WEIRD + WHEN WE BOTH GOT ON AND IT WAS STILL FLOATING WE WERE SHOCKED. I SUPPOSE WE BOTH EXPECTED SOMETHING TO GO WRONG.

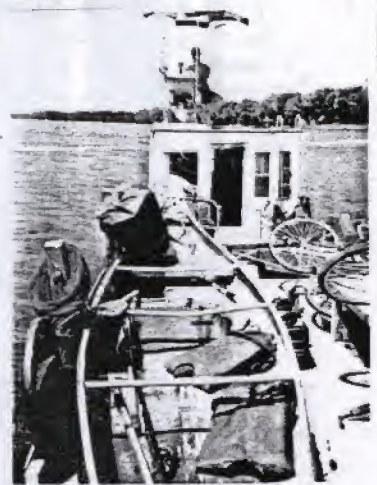
SO THERE WE WERE, TWO WEIRD LOOKIN' KIDS COMPLETELY INSANE FLOATING DOWN THE HURON RIVER ON S.S. HUCKLEBERRY II USING SPADES FOR OARS. THE RAFT DIDN'T FALL APART AFTER 100 FEET AND THEN 200 FEET AND EVENTUALLY I STOPPED WORRYING.

THE ONLY PROBLEM WE HAD WAS A FEW ROCKS BUT WE MADE IT. GOING UNDER THE FIRST BRIDGE WE SAW TWO PEOPLE FISHING. I WAS LAUGHING AT HOW FUNNY WE MUST HAVE LOOKED BUT THEY DIDN'T SEE US. A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN SOME GUY YELLED AND ASKED IF WE NEEDED HELP. IT WAS PRETTY FUNNY BECAUSE THE WATER WAS SO LOW WE COULD HAVE WALKED TO SHORE IF WE HAD TO.

EVENTUALLY WE DECIDED WE SHOULD DOCK AND CALL SOMEONE TO ASK IF THEY COULD PICK US UP FURTHER DOWN THE RIVER. WE CALLED EVERYONE WE KNEW WITH A CAR BUT NO ONE WOULD. THE PEOPLE AT THE HOSPITAL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK OF TWO TIRED DIRTY PUNKS USING THEIR PHONES, BATHROOMS, AND VENDING MACHINES. THEY WERE REALLY NICE THOUGH. WE WENT OUTSIDE + DECIDED WE WERE TOO TIRED TO WALK ALL OF THE WAY BACK FROM WHEREVER WE STOPPED. WE FIGURED WE'D CONTINUE THE NEXT DAY + JUST HOPE NO ONE FOUND OUR RAFT.

SO THAT WAS IT, THE FIRST TRIP ON THE HURON RIVER OF THE S.S. HUCKLEBERRY II THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TWO KIDS ARE BORED + CRAZY. AND FUCK EVERYONE THAT MADE FUN OF US BECAUSE IT WAS COOL AS HELL!

NOTE: TODAY WE WERE SUPPOSED TO CONTINUE OUR JOURNEY (AND OF COURSE) TODAY IT RAINED.



Boat at the Helms
ABA on watch



The Day we Left DuBuque
ALL 50 Feet!



The Tennessee Gauge, The Day we
got to Chattanooga



Getting Ready to Dock
at the Confluence
of the Mississippi and Illinois
Rivers

↑ photos are from my friends
boat building + trip down the
Mississippi. They might be
cooler but me + my did it
first. Ha! (Photos from Dave)

the lost ~~column~~ column

i wrote this column for Bad Ideas #6 but then by the time it came out i'd forgotten i'd wrote it + published something else. Here it is. written in 2K4

Ok, so as some of you know I've spent the last four months on a little trip. I took my motorcycle to Ecuador. Went through Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama to get there. As of now, February 20th 2005 I'm in Panama City hanging out. I'll probably be back by the time this zine comes out, but just in case I'm not, lets write a column about punk traveling.

The first time I traveled punk stile, I was 19. I took freight trains all over the country, sleeping on rooftops and at friends of friend's houses. That's one of the amazing things about the punk culture. It's so tight nit that after awhile it gets hard to find a town where you don't know someone though someone else, that will let you stay at there house. For instance on this trip I stayed with some of the Guys from Defiance Ohio. I'd talked to one or two of them for about a second when they played in Ann Arbor but I know Nate (bantha fodder) who knows Erin and Matt (abe Froman) who lives down the street from Gef and Ryan (defiance Ohio) so when I e-mailed them asking if they knew a place I could stay while I came threw town they offered up their couch. It's cool cuz I'd do the same for them and their friends.

Alot of folks get pissy about Traveling punks coming into Ann Arbor. I think this happens for two reasons. One; because Ann Arbor tends to draw some of the dumbest, drunkest idiots any where and Two; not alot of Ann arbor kids travel so most of them know nothing about hospitality. My friend A- said to me once when I tried to convince him to go train hopping with me that he couldn't afford it and "where would we stay?" I told him we'd stay at other people's houses to which he replied that he hates it when people stay at his house so he'd never want to do that to someone else. I tried to explain that you don't necessarily have to make a mess when you're a ^{help} guest at someone's house and you could even do something like the dishes or clean the yard or help with food not bombs or write a zine and give it to them. There are all kinds of ways to pay people back for being nice, and you always have the "when you get to my town you can stay at my house." option. I personally hate doing dishes. But I have no problem helping cook or watching the door at a show. I also take zines and Cd's with me and give them away to people who are nice to me. I always like getting zines from kids passing through, so it works that I like to give mine away when I go to a new town. Sometimes I even end up staying at people's house because I read their zine or they read mine, or I saw their band, or they saw mine. That's what's so cool, you hardly have to know someone and they might let you crash at their place, but if you have the tiniest thing in common well, fuck it's a sure thing.

Ok, it's not a sure thing. I've totally been in towns where I talk to a bunch of punks and they all blow you off. On the other hand, I can't even count the times that a perfect stranger has put me up only to find out later that we knew each other from some random thing. I've stayed at peoples houses who had ordered my zine and I'd forgot to send it. "I like to deliver them in person." I told her. Another house I stayed in happened to be the house of the guitarist of a band that I'd found there seven inch in Albuquerque and quoted in my zine. This was in Portland and his band had been very small, put out one seven inch and broken up years ago. He read the quote and asked if I knew him from somewhere. "No," I said, "I just liked your seven inch." I've had a woman see me with a back pack on and invite me and my three friend to stay at her house just cuz we both liked Tribe-8. I could go on and on, like in Monterrey Mexico how this kid Riki made me sleep in the bed while he slept on the floor and cooked me breakfast, just cuz I asked if there where any places to stay at. The best part was that he didn't even speak English and I don't speck Spanish so neither one of us had any idea what the other was saying, but we both like the Ramones and Los Crudos so it was cool right.

Defiance Ohio has a song called "Response to Grout" it's a really good song about how impotent the traveling punk thing is, and I'd quote it for you but my Defiance Ohio record is 10,000 miles away from where I am. A Columbus zine called Grout wrote an article about how it sucked that so many people were moving away from Columbus. Defiance Ohio's song is about how making those connections all over the country and the world sometimes is some of the most important thing we can do, as long as we keep in touch with the connections we've already made.

A agree mostly. While I hate to see people leave town I like it when they get back. And I think there is alot you can accomplish by not leaving town but, in alot of scene it's important to see what other people in other cities are doing so you can bring those things back. The shopping cart race was created because someone was in Van Cover during their 2nd shopping cart race and decided to bring it to Michigan. State Control records was made to resemble dozens of other collectively owed record shops around the county. It

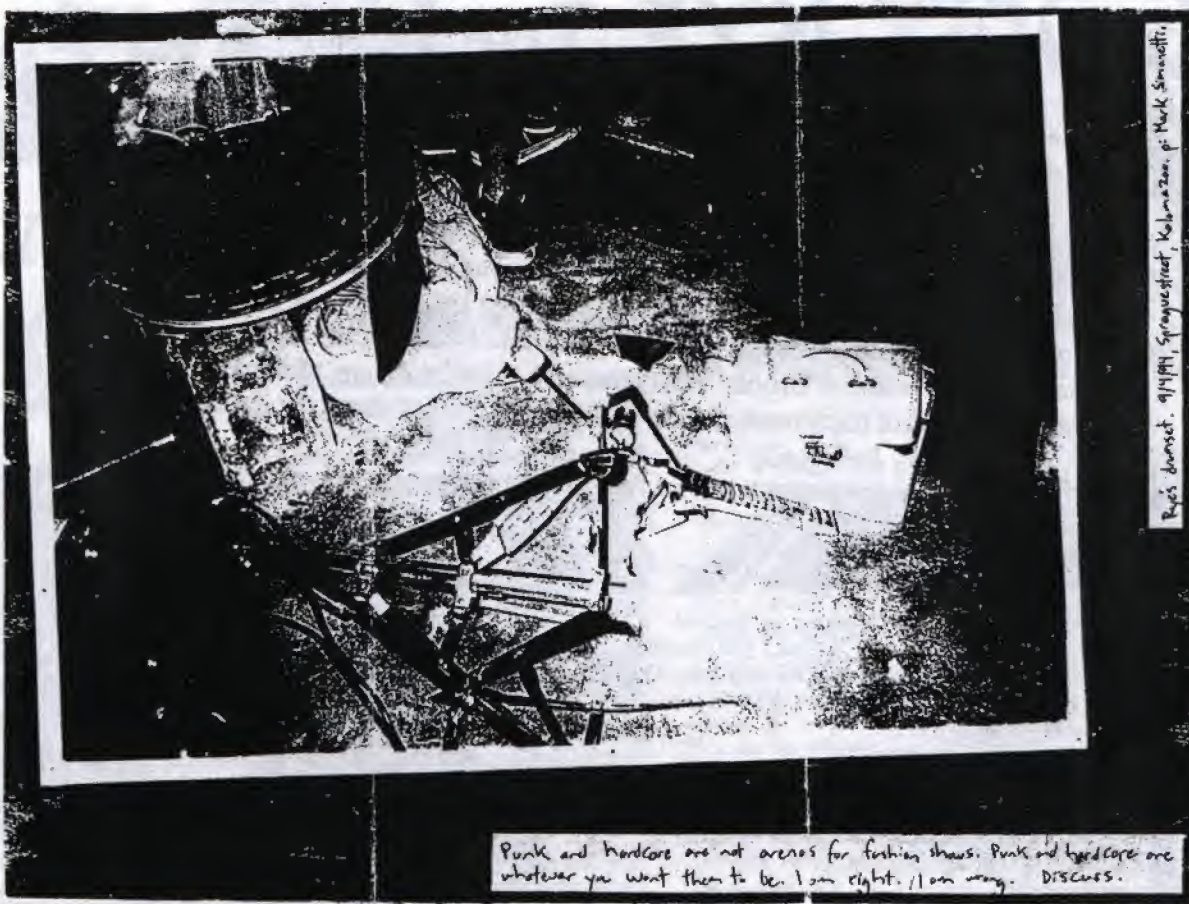
didn't work in Ann Arbor but Idle Kids an info shop/record/book shop in Detroit is doing fine. I've seen incredible bands all over the place that were too short lived to ever tour. I've also seen bands that I liked so much that I told them to come to Ann Arbor and they did. I guess what I'm saying is that if you put your self out there, if you go talk to people you have never seen before, if you ask a stranger for a favor and return it any small way that you can, if you take a risk and just go, .. It comes back to you. And not in any hippy Karma, universal balance type shit I mean it for real. If people stay at your house, you can stay at theirs. If you book a show. If you give someone a ride or point out where the best dumpster in town is, well they'll do the same for you, and if not then their friends will. Try it. *I don't know why it's easy.*

This trip has been crazy. I went pretty UN-prepared for everything. I had places to stay for the first three cities I hit but after that I was on my own. I kept getting to cities going "That band that played at my house lives here and if I remembered to write down there number before I left I'd have a place to stay." it sucked but I've meet some sweet people. Ran out of Zines and CDs thousands of miles ago but I still do dishes or teach folks how to ride a motorcycle, or just ~~traded~~ stories for a place to stay. I am so dirty at this point that I can't even scrub the dirt off. I take a shower and it stays there. My pants are getting shiny form all the months of built in dirt cuz I only brought one pair. If I was in the states people wouldn't sit next to me on the bus but here they do and just give me mean faces. I don't know, I'm totally haggard but, it's a good haggard, and I'm only half way done.

I should have made more contacts before I left. When I was 19 I'd just written this zine and sent to be reviewed at Maximum Rock'n'Roll, Punk, Planet, Slug and Lettuce and some of the other bigger punk zines. it got kinda ok reviews but man did the orders come in. I had the reviewers list that I would triad for other zines so that helped me get alot of orders but still, I was shocked at the amount of people who wanted to read my zine. It was only like 50 orders in a span of a few months but I now had 50 contacts all over the country that I could maybe stay with. And I did. At the time it was unbelievable. Now I'm all old and I kinda get pissed when people don't let me stay at their house I wanna take them and go "I know you just turned 20 but let me explain something about punk. It's more than your leather jacket and your record collection." not that it makes alot of since to expect people you don't know to let you use their towels, but it has happened to me so many times, and I've met so many amazing people that it's kinda a let down to realize someone you've met still maintains the american mindset that you should have to work for what you get instead of sharing what we all have.

I'm not sure how to end this and the Internet place is closing so.. Get out of town every once in awhile. Go stay with someone whose zine you read or has read yours. Book a band then show up at their house three months latter. Let someone stay on your couch for a month then retune the favor when they get back home. This punk thing, lost alot of it's community in the 90's when it got cool again. But it still survived on Freight train and highways. With Hitch hikers and spare changes, dumpster divers and broke band who hit dear in Utah. There is still a community out there that is so giving and trusting and kind and compassionate. Now that punk is back to being not cool again you have to just look and go find that community cuz it ain't gonna come to you. Well actually sometimes it does but, you have you move that stuff off the couch so it can sleep some where. END NOTES: -if you want to send me money so I can get back to Michigan write me at reddjosh@hotmail.com - Soophe Nun Squad just put out a new record. There last full length was one of the best punk records of all time. They break all the rules to the point that they whistled in a punk song. They took elements of the loud fast punk, hip hop, and high school love poems and made an incredible record. Ok that description sound like it would suck but trust me it was a phenomenal record. I haven't heard the new one yet but you should, and they we'll probably be on tour soon. go. I hope I'm back by then. -Defiance Ohio and One Reason have put out a split seven inch. It was way back in February so good luck finding it but if you do, can you get me one to. I would but I need the money for gas. - Ann Arhors Rome for a Day has just put out a split 10 inch. I've got one on hold but you should get one. -I'm serious about that money thing I'm really broke so if... oh yeah by the time this makes it to print, ill either be totally dead or back somehow. If I'm back come meet me at the Fleetwood cuz they don't have real coffee here only instant. And if I'm dead, well you guys suck and should have thrown a benefit show for me or something, some friends you all are.

P.S. Idle Kids kicked it + ave no more



Rip's descent. 9/14/94, Sprague Street, Kalamazoo. p. Mark Smoot.

Punk and hardcore are not arenas for fashion shows. Punk and hardcore are whatever you want them to be. I am right. I am wrong. DISCUSES.

old 90s filter or hand bill. Don't know where I got it. ^

I'd already crossed the Rockies one, two, three times. Now here they were looming up in front of me again. I was in southern Mexico, a hundred miles or so east of Oaxaca heading north and east toward San Cristobal De La Casas.

I'd just come from over the Rockies earlier that day. I'd planed on turning west but changed my mind on a whim. I'd been on my motorcycle about two months now. Left Michigan in November and made a stop in Colorado that turned longer than I meant it to, due in part to the death of an old family friend.

Now I was climbing the first foot hills, again. Up, up, up I go. I'm surprised to find a newly paved road lacking in traffic. The road is solely mine and for the next twenty miles, I see all of two cars. About half way up I cross into the Mexican State of Chiapas. I stop to smoke a cigarette, looking south now, over the side of the mountain at the expansive valley I just left.

Shortly, I'm going down the other side. The road levels off and fills

with vehicles. It doesn't stay level for long. Pretty soon I'm back going up. This time the road doesn't switch back along the side the mountain. This road goes directly into the mountains. Up and up and now I'm swallowed up by the hills. No longer can I look down at the valleys below. Every cigarette is spent looking off the mountain down at more mountains. And still I go up. I didn't know this then, but San Cristobal De La Casas lies in a valley inside the mountains.

Eventually I do reach the last crest and start heading down, but there's one more surprise waiting up there. On the top of this mountain, on the very top and down throughout the valley are rows and rows of corn.

I'm stunned.

I am from the Midwest. We grow corn there, where it's flat. It's never occurred to me that you could, or would, grow corn on the mountains. It's an entirely new idea to me, an entirely new cultural difference, an entirely new way to use a mountain. But it makes sense right?

If you live in the mountains, you would grow your food there wouldn't you. In the States we leave our mountains for ski slopes and mining sometimes. Other times we just leave them. Of course we have people who live there too; we just have enough flat land that we don't need to grow corn on top of the Rockies.

I actually don't even know if they call these mountains the Rockies in southern Mexico. Whatever the name, it's the same mountain range. I know because I followed it south from Colorado.

Within the next few weeks I would follow the mountain range further south, staying in the mountains until El Salvador. There the range was finally broken.

In my head, just like my idea that corn is grown where it's flat, I've always considered the Rockies a part of the United States. Knowing full well they reach north into Canada all the way to Alaska, I've still always thought of them as the U.S. mountains. It had never occurred to me that they go south. And it'd never occurred to me just how far south

they went. Despite the differences in cultures, despite the different uses, and the histories and meaning each little section of people feel about their part of the mountains, it's still just one mountain range. The same mountains that hold the jungles that the Zapatistas live in, are the same ones that supported the mining town I was born in. At the funeral in Colorado my friend was buried at the foot of the mountains she's lived near her whole life, the same ones indigenous people in Guatemala have lived in for centuries.

The Rockies, or whatever the name is, the mountain range in the middle of the North American continent, has no definitive uses, no ultimate meaning. The mountains know no borders.

josh-redd sanchez
Ann Arbor, MI

+++++

I take drives in the country to clear my head; it gives me time to do my favorite things. For me this ritual requires good music, daylight, and a

GOOD BYE THE NOTHING

Brooke and Adam talk about breaking up the band.

reprinted from Bad Ideas #9 Fall 2K4

On the off chance that you haven't heard already, one of Ann Arbor's most admired bands, The Nothing are calling it quits this fall. The rumor mill is working overtime, and I've heard everything from "sexual tensions in the band" to "not getting signed by a major label" as reasons for the band breaking up. The one true thing is that the split was initiated by keyboardist Brooke Harrison, and guitarist Adam Monette. I decided to skip the rumors and ask the source. I interviewed Brooke and Adam at the bad idea October 10th. Interview by Josh Redd S.

I asked them right away why they were breaking up the band.

"...For a number of reasons," Brooke said. "I think I just needed a really, really big change in my life. And that's not the only thing I had to change in my life, the other is my job, and the other one is my residents within the state of Michigan."

"So basically you're changing every thing?"

"Yeah."

I wanted to know what they were doing next, what's after the Nothing, and why all the change. The both looked at each other.

"Should we tell him?" Brooke asked Adam.

"Yeah. Why not." He said.

"We're getting Married in June." She says. "We also have to move in four months and then we have to move again six months after that. There's just a million things that require lots of planning by themselves and all of it put together within less than a year..."

I congratulated them, and asked about the moves. They're lease in Ann Arbor runs out in four months and they want to stay in town for their wedding and to get ready for their big move. Turns out they're both planning on going back to school, in Arizona. Adam plans on studying Art and Business, while Brooke will be going into Art and Education.

"I'm thinking about getting a job as an art teacher in a junior high."

About her facial tattoos, Brooke says she hopes it will help, or at least not hurt, in her ability to relate to kids. I know what she means, being an ex punk rock teacher I know that kids could care less, but getting it past the administration and the parents is the hard part. I hope it works and wish my art teacher had tattoos on her face.

"About the Nothing?" I'm wondering if, besides being insanely busy there's anything else that brought about the split.

"Part of it was the pressure to come up with new material..." Brooke explains that early on when she started playing with members of the Nothing but before the band, she thought she go with it for a while.

"But ultimately, I didn't want to do that as art." She'd reminisced an old discussion she'd had. "...When it stops being fun, it's time to stop playing." And for Brooke and Adam, the Nothing was slowly becoming less and less fun.

"It was a hard decision." Adam says. One they'd been thinking about since June. They decided to ride out the summer and see if it could once again become as fun as it was when they started. It didn't.

"I guess you could kinda relate it to getting high..." She laughs and wonders if that's the most appropriate analogy. "...like, the first couple times are really great and then..."

"Are you happy that you did the Nothing?" I wonder. They say they are. That they'd learned a lot about culture, a lot about people, and a lot about music, and the difference between bar bands and punk bands.



ADAM MONETTE AND BROOKE HARRISON

"There's a certain amount of pretentiousness," Brooke says about bar bands. "They don't have each others backs, as bands. They're very career and goal oriented. Where as the punk rock culture is more like, kinda a big party, everybody's having a good time..."

I asked them if they where going to continue playing music.

Adam replied, "I'm still playing guitar, writing songs some..."

"It's defiantly more like how it was before the Nothing," Brooke explains, "kinda tinkering with it when I can..."

I tell them I've heard rumors about a last show, and possibly a CD release.

"I think, it's November sixth, at the Neutral Zone. I've got that day off work"

And about the CD's, they tell me that they are hoping they can get it done by then.

"Anything else you want to say about the demise of the Nothing?" I Ask.

"Sorry!" They go on to tell me again about how hard of a decision it was to end the band. How it was just one more thing that had to go as they've each begun to change the direction of their lives. And now, have to figure out how to spend there time together as partners in life, instead of band mates.

About that major label rumor. Brooke laughs as she tells me it wasn't narrowed down to major labels, just any record label.

"If we'd been able to get paid to play music. We could have quit our job." And had all the more time to work on the band, plan for the moves, register for classes, plan a wedding, and feed all their dogs. For Adam and Brooke something had to go in order for them to still function. Sadly one of those things was what I thought, the best band in Michigan. The Nothing will be sorely missed, but keep your ears open for "Remnants of the Nothing" a band consisting of the Kevin, Ivy, and Randal the band members left behind, coming to your basement soon.

The nothing can be reached at Snapping@noiseusse.org

Kalamazoo Gazette, Mon, June 3, 2K2

- Stuff about my old band, -
- AXIS of EVIL -

Dead Kennedys revive 1980s punk

BY MARK WEDEL
SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE

CONCERT REVIEW

Ahh ... punk rock. It's more fun than a soccer riot and more musical as well.

A bit of punk-rock nostalgia hit Club Soda Sunday night, brought to town by the re-formed Dead Kennedys. About 175 fans were there, fans in their 30s and 40s, and others who looked like they were born a couple years before the DKs first broke up, slam-dancing the old-fashioned way and gleefully showering themselves with whatever drinks they were holding.

A few songs into the set, a guy whipped a cup of what looked like red pop at DK guitarist East Bay Ray. Ray responded by leaping off the stage at the fluid-tosser. The two, in turn, plowed into the crowd. The miscreant was ejected, and Ray got back to the stage, wiped himself off and went into a great guitar solo as if nothing had happened.

The band, of course, never stopped playing. After the song "Police Truck," a grim ditty about police brutality, bassist Klaus Fluoride said, "Gelatin is sticky."

It wasn't red pop after all. It was a melted and misguided Jell-O tribute to former DK singer Jello Biafra. The Dead Kennedys, who from 1978 to their end in 1987 were one of the biggest names in U.S. punk, began a reunion tour in the fall of 2001 without Biafra. In 2000, the other three original members had sued Biafra and the record label he heads, Alternative Tentacles, for \$200,000 for unpaid royalties. The three also gained control of the rights to their old albums.

In response, Biafra has launched a propaganda campaign against the reunion tour of the Dead Kennedys from the Alternative Tentacles Web site, calling them "the world's greediest karaoke band" and urging fans to boycott the shows.

It's ugly — but ugliness is one of the charms of classic punk rock. Punk has also always had its weird side, like the fact that the child star of the 1970s TV series "The Courtship of Eddie's Father," Brandon Cruz, is their new lead singer. Cruz is also a punk vet from the

band Dr. Know. He did OK with the Kennedys and the fans treated him warmly, holding him above their heads the few times he dove into the crowd. His looks and mannerisms were the basic Johnny Rotten style, and he sang with the basic punk shout.

But I remember being angry and 17, I remember memorizing the DKs' "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables" and "Plastic Surgery Disasters," the tapes of the 1980 and '82 albums that I hid from my parents. The snide, sarcastic and loony voice of Biafra was missing at Club Soda, a reminder that it's just sad when the heroes of one's teen years get older and get lawyers.

But the rest of the band still had it. Drummer D.H. Pellgro pounded away viciously, and Fluoride kept up with fast yet stolid bass lines. Ray showed that he was the heart of the DK sound, playing various rock styles on his guitar as if it were a keening, tearing buzzsaw cutting metal.

The songs, most of which were written by the very political Biafra, seemed dated in their references, yet eerily current. Back then they were just a rock band seriously reflecting the ugliness of recent events, like Pol Pot's genocide in "Holiday in Cambodia." In "Bleed for Me," about the U.S. support of right-wing dictatorships, Cruz changed the line "When cowboy Ronnie comes to town/forks out his tongue at human rights," to "cowboy Bush."

The band also satirically lampooned a society that ignores the ugliness of its self-indulgent consumerist culture, as in "Kill the Poor," where they suggest using the neutron bomb while "Jane Fonda's on the tube today/convincing the liberals it's okay/so let's get drunk and dance away the night."

It's heavy-handed political commentary. But there's a lot of serious ugliness in the world in 2002, and it's oddly comforting to hear someone acknowledging that and responding to it with ugly, obnoxious, raging noise.



SCOTT, CHRISTINE, DAVID & ANALISE GONZALEZ COMPRISE THE AXIS OF SARCASM.

When I was in Axis, me + the drummer Jef Perkins were at the flatwood complaining about the DKs No-Jello tour. I was telling Jef how I wanted to go to the show + throw stuff at them. Like whip cream pies, or tomatoes, or Jell-O....

We knew we had to do it after that.

Any way, we threw Jell-O at the Dead Kennedys + it was fun. Jef + Eric (the bass player) made a movie about it which is on Youtube. You can search Axis of Evil Dead Kennedys to see it. Later our friends from the band RY486 got the "DK" to sign one of the A.O.E T-shirts.

June 2K2 18 Volume 2 Issue 5 Record

THE CLUB SODA
EVERY THURSDAY IN
SALSA MERENGUE
W/ SAM MONTERO

19 WHEELS

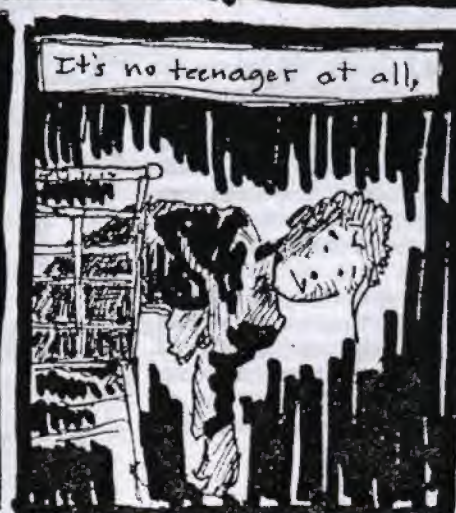
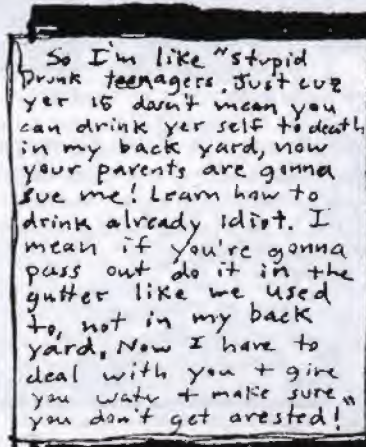
JUNE 29

ALL TICKETS AVAILABLE AT
CLUB SODA AND TICKETS PLUS
340 E. MICHIGAN AVE.
KALAMAZOO
616.342.8067

JUNE LIVE MUSIC	
SAT. 1	DOMESTIC PROBLEMS, UNDER CONSTRUCTION, TBA
SUN. 2	THE DEAD KENNEDYS, FIRST TO THE FENCE
WED. 5	PAWN, CULPISH, BUBBLESHIP
FRI. 7	KNOX WRESTLING
SAT. 8	LO-FI SCORPIO
WED. 12	DEANS OF REGRET, OLD, LAME SHORE BLUE
FRI. 14	FLUNKTELLIGENCE
SAT. 15	MISSING PERSONS, THOUGHT INDUSTRY, MCT
WED. 19	MIDWESTERN LULL, COSMOSMET, STU
FRI. 21	TBA
SAT. 22	CLOUD 9
SUN. 23	THE BRIEFS
WED. 26	FIRST TO THE FENCE, VERONICA SPEEDWILL, VIZ
FRI. 28	TKOOSTIK HOOKAH
SAT. 29	19 WHEELS
JUNE 2	
THE DEAD KENNEDYS	

I found this on the cover of the "Agenda" mag some unknown Month & Year





Are you going to sit idly by while your imagination slips away?

Goddamn it, I KNOW our generation is droll, but FUCK!!!

It is time for ACTION, it is time for an effective subculture to arrive...

Punk has been co-opted and identified by the Squares. Sure, They never really got it (and still don't), but it has been fatally crippled nonetheless. Sure, I love punk too, but it has been fictionalized to all hell. Surely we can just as easily devise a NEW WAY, one that ducks under the radar screen of the Copycats and the Soulless Bland, yet is just as powerful and meaningful (until They get a hold of it, anyway, in which case we just mutate again). They will always remain one step behind, and thusly inhabiting their PROPER place in the scheme of things....

For we are NOT "Generation Mother-Fucking 'X'"!!!! We are NOT "Bored", we are NOT "Cynical", "Ironic", or blasé to the world around us!!! We really do NOT live by the credo "Oh well, whatever, nevermind....." We MIND, all right....WE STILL SPIT IN THE FACE OF MASS BOREDOM, CONFORMITY, and most of all, STUPIDITY (useless stupidity, that is...).

THE ETERNAL "FUCK YOU" WILL NEVER DIE!!!!!!

WAKE UP!!!! HOLY FUCK, AWKEN from your slumber!!! Pick up your weapons of choice, your voices, your guitars, your pens, your dollars, your numbers, your god-awful LIVES, and FIGHT!!!! FIGHT to make the world better for those who STILL OWN THEIR MIND.

We REFUSE to "zone out" and fall permanently ASLEEP from their drugs (they are READILY AVAILABLE for a REASON, folks), or their stupid-ass soulless MUZAK (who the fuck are they trying to KID with that shit, anyway???), or their JOBS, or their DISMAL EXPECTATIONS. We will fight them TOOTH AND EVERFUCKING NAIL on every front!!! We will TAKE and TAKE from them and spread it amongst ourselves, we will undermine them in SECRET, they will never know what hit them!!

GODDAMN IT!!! To all who are feeling the pain of a life of futile pursuits and goals...QUIT! STOP giving your life away.....you have been tricked, and you are feeling it....

YOU FUCKS...how DARE you make us PAY to have shelter and to EVEN DRINK WATER!!! YOU SICK, EVIL, FUCKS!!! YOU have attempted to form OUR reality, to form OUR opinions of what is "normal", "natural", and "right", but ALL of us have NOT been fooled!! WE see the forest for the rotten TREES.....and we are PISSED!!! We are AFTER YOU, and sooner or later WE WILL DESTROY YOU

WE KNOW that NO ONE IS "SAFE". THERE ARE NO STRAIGHT LINES....the web of society and social custom is THIN and MALLEABLE. You love the fact that most do not realize the Extreme Chaos, the All-Powerful Accident that guides our lives in an ABSOLUTELY RANDOM FASHION. Ha ha ha...we actually use "clocks", to measure "time"....

Life is getting DUMBER, and progressively more MEANINGLESS. While it is true that most don't notice this, or would even CARE if they DID, WE are those who CAN'T DENY the EXTREME AND CRUSHING FUTILITY (I.E. The Supreme "Blah", the Ultimate "Sigh"), that serves to sap creativity, individuality, and expression of one's TRUE self. FUCK YOU, the more your ugly routine crushes us, the ANGRIER we get inside, and the HARDER we will fight against you!!!

Just remember that we HATE you, and although you attempt to trick us into softening our HATE through manipulation of our language (and therefore, our THOUGHTS), we will CONTINUE always HATE you to the depths of our souls!!!!

WE ARE THE POWERS OF GOOD. WE ARE GOING TO DESTROY YOU AT ANY COST.
BE AFRAID. WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

I think my friend Dave gave this to me.

Officials evict tenants from art, music studios



Brooke Harrison, also known as Zzyzyx Zazyuan, moves a keyboard out of her studio at the Technology Center on Tuesday after police and fire officials closed the building, citing safety problems. The building at Third and Washington streets is to be razed to make way for a new YMCA.

Action riles those who say no warning given

Technology Center cited for hazards

BY TRACY DAVIS,
AMALIE NASH
AND CHONG W. PYEN
News Staff Reporters

Citing an "imminent hazard," Ann Arbor public safety officials kicked down doors and evicted about 100 tenants of art and music studios in the west side's Technology Center Tuesday afternoon.

Fire inspectors and police were following up on a weekend disturbance complaint and found that the building, at 424 W. Washington St., housed people who lived in dangerous conditions, authorities said. They found evidence that as many as 30 people had residences there — some were sleeping when officials entered and others hid. Fire Marshal Scott Rayburn said.

The building was closed and tenants — including those who rented studio space for band practice, sewing, painting and sculpture — had to vacate Tuesday night. They have until 9 p.m. today to remove their belongings.

The sudden action angered tenants, who said they had no warning before being forced out and had no other affordable studio space in which to work. Some said they slept there only occasionally after a late night in the studio.

But safety officials said the building, where studio rents run about \$300 per month, was an accident waiting to happen — a fire had already occurred there in July 2001 — and a weekend incident forced them to act.

Over the weekend, police were called to a report of a man threatening another man with a knife



Henry Clarke secures one of the entry doors at the Technology Center on Tuesday evening. Clarke works for the Belfor Co., which specializes in building cleanups.

"It's like a drug bust, but without the drugs."

Tenant Josh Sanchez

near the building, and men urinating on nearby trees, Deputy Police Chief Larry Jerue said.

When investigators followed up on Tuesday, they found microwave ovens, beds, couches and other evidence they said pointed to people living there, and ordered the building shut down.

The sprinkler system had been tampered with and no fire alarm system or smoke detectors were found there Tuesday, Rayburn said. Liquid oxygen had also been stored in a room vented only with window fans; live wires were exposed in other places said Doug Warsinski, Ann Arbor fire inspector.

"The conditions in some parts

were horrible," Rayburn said. "This was not a safe environment."

The structure was bought in March by the Ann Arbor YMCA, which plans to raze it and start construction on a new \$15 million YMCA building. The Technology Center had already been rented out for artists' studios, and local broker and attorney Bill Kotilla took over management for the YMCA until building plans proceed.

Officials closed the large warehouse that fronts West Washington Street but allowed tenants to remain in connected buildings on Third and Washington streets. At 111 Third St., a dance class continued as usual Tuesday night.

Chris Taylor, a musician, said tenants knew some people were living there. He questioned why authorities couldn't give any notice to them before kicking them out Tuesday.

SEE EVICT, BACK PAGE

Cent. next page

the Perf Net

November 21, 2001

NOTICE TO TECHNOLOGY CENTER TENANTS:

The Technology Center Partnership and the Ann Arbor YMCA have entered into an agreement for sale of the Technology Center property to the YMCA.

Although the YMCA is buying the property to redevelop it as its headquarters facility, the existing buildings will remain on the site and your tenancy will not be affected for quite some time. The closing of the sale will be in late January 2002. Until then, The Technology Center Partnership will continue to own and operate the buildings and the current site manager, Ray Young, will continue to serve in that capacity and attend to your needs. He also will assist with management of the property for a transition period of at least thirty days after closing, during which it is anticipated that the YMCA will make other management arrangements, of which you will be promptly informed.

Sometime during the next sixty days you will be asked to sign an Estoppel Letter, in which you will certify what the terms of your tenancy are and that you have asserted no claims against the landlord which have not been resolved. Both parties to the sale will appreciate your cooperation in that regard. Mr. Young will provide you the Estoppel Letter form. If you have any questions after you have seen it, please feel free to take them up with Dan Hussey on behalf of the Partnership.

It is impossible to predict exactly how long it will be before the YMCA is ready to begin redevelopment. It has submitted to the City of Ann Arbor a request for rezoning and site plan approval, which is expected to take several months. Raising funds for construction of the new building also will take time. So you need not fear imminent displacement from your rented Technology Center space, and the YMCA will keep you informed of its plans and progress in the coming months to afford you as much notice as possible before on-site redevelopment activities begin.

Thank you for your consideration and cooperation.

The Technology Center Partnership

Dan Hussey, Partner

The Ann Arbor YMCA

Cathi Duchon, President

Help Keep Ann Arbor's Artist & Musician Community Alive!!

**MASS MEETING THIS THURSDAY
DECEMBER 6 AT 4PM TO DISCUSS
THE SALE OF THE TECHNOLOGY CENTER
AND HOW THIS WILL AFFECT THE
FUTURE OF OUR COMMUNITY!!**

Meet in the lobby of the Tech. Center on Washington St.
(By The Bridge)

Recently the YMCA purchased the Technology Center which has been the epicenter for creative activity here in Ann Arbor for years. The Tech. Center, which is located in the heart of Ann Arbor's downtown community has provided affordable studio spaces for hard-working artists, musicians, dancers and other talented artisans who might not be able to afford a workspace otherwise. Furthermore it is the last space in town that musicians can practice without the fear of being ticketed for noise violations. While it may be impossible to stop the deal since it has been finalized it is time for the people of this community to work together to establish a new center that will provide affordable studio spaces and other facilities for us to use. Come share your opinions with us!!

Technology Center

111 Third St.
Ann Arbor, MI
48103

Date: March 5, 2002

To: All Tenants

From: Ray Young
Property Manager

Subject: Sale of Property: update

This is to inform you that the Technology Center and the YMCA have a tentative date of March 21, 2002 for the closing of the sale. Shortly thereafter, the YMCA will assume responsibility for the management of the building. For now, please continue to make your rent checks payable to Technology Center.

Some of you have asked about your security deposits. One reason for the estoppel letter you were asked to sign was to confirm the status of your monthly rent and security deposit agreement. All security monies will be deducted from the sale of the building and held by the YMCA until you decide to leave.

I will issue another memo after the closing to let you know what changes will be made. Finally, the YMCA would like to reiterate that tenants will not be asked to move prior to July 2003.

Tenant says many problems in the area caused by outsiders

"It was an unspoken thing - don't ask, don't tell," Taylor said of the illegal tenants. "It's sad that people resorted to living there and says something about the messed-up state of rent in Ann Arbor. It's unfortunate because there are a lot of legitimate artists and musicians who are shut down."

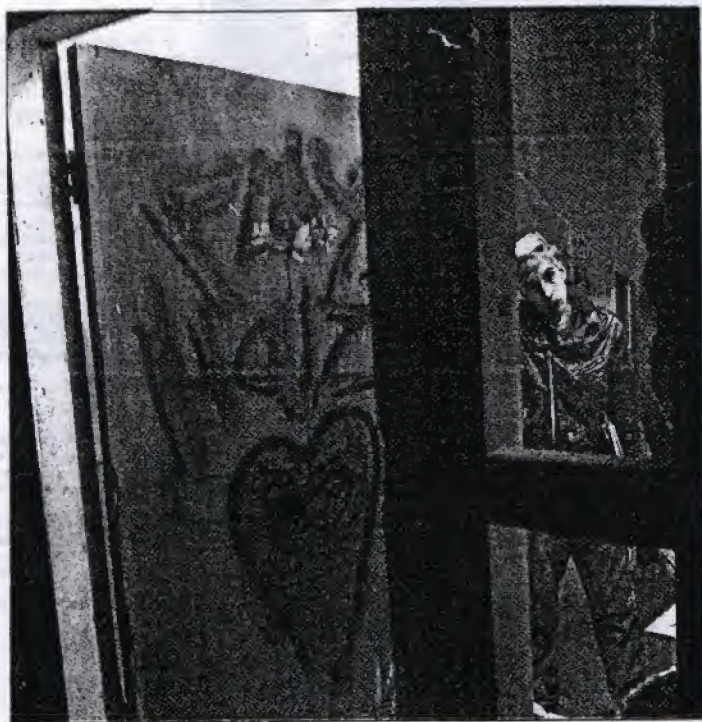
"The building was filthy and a health hazard," Jerue said. "We had to go room by room to get people out, and we'll padlock it until the situation is resolved."

Public Safety Manager Daniel Oates said the building would remain closed until it complies with building and fire codes.

But Taylor said he never saw problems there, and that the incidents may involve people loitering around the area who are not affiliated with the Technology Center. "It bums me out that they're attributing the problems to the tenants, because there are a lot of good things going on there," Taylor said.

"For reasons I don't understand, they kicked in the doors of all units in the warehouse," Kotila said. "There were a lot of expensive musical instruments. I would have hoped that they had really articulated what the fire hazards were, but they were not specific."

"We would have been more than willing to sit down and talk to them and get this taken care of in an orderly way," he said. Kotila said he was aware of the incident that happened over the weekend and said the complaint was about someone who came out of the warehouse, but was not a tenant.



ROBERT CHASE, THE ANN ARBOR NEWS

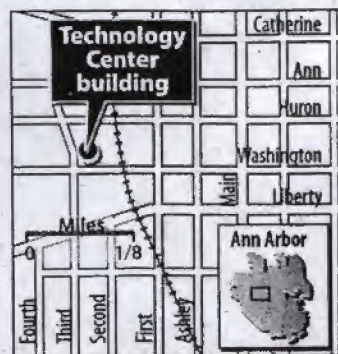
Josh Sanchez is one of the Technology Center tenants who will be looking for new studio space after Ann Arbor police and fire officials inspected and closed the building Tuesday, citing illegal occupancy.

"We were on the way to sorting this out," he said, noting he'd spoken with the neighbors. "So I came here right after lunch, and there was half of the Ann Arbor Fire Department and Police Department sitting in the driveway saying we're going to shut this down."

He was unsure what would happen with the building, and YMCA officials could not be reached.

Tenant Josh Sanchez, a day care center worker and artist who has illustrated children's books, painted murals and helped organize a local group called the Coalition of Independent Artists, said he's not sure where he'll go. He also questioned the need for officers to kick in doors and board the building up so fast.

"It's like a drug bust, but without the drugs," he said, wearily



SONIA L. GOTTFRIED, THE ANN ARBOR NEWS

rubbing his leopard-spot-dyed hair. "We have weird-colored hair and people assume we're doing bad stuff."

Other tenants described the place not only as an affordable studio close to downtown, but also a community where tenants have potluck dinners three times a week and share art supplies.

"It's a commune, like the hippie communes of back in the 70s," said Joey Sims, 19.

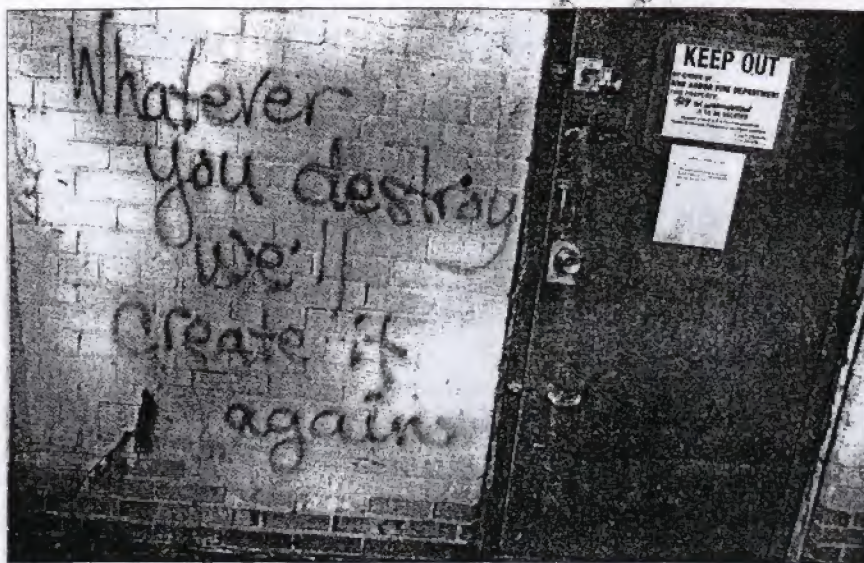
"This is a good bunch of people," said Suzanne Valencia, who makes canine clothing and other items in her shop, which is frequented by her dachshund Weenie. "The reason some of these kids stay here is because there's no place to rent. There is no affordable housing in Ann Arbor."

To kick everyone out with no notice, said Valencia, who describes herself as "close to 60," "is immoral. I wouldn't treat people I hated like this."

Tracy Davis can be reached at tdavis@annarbornews.com or at (734) 994-6856.



* Ahh, OK, how to start this story. Downtown Ann Arbor, or just slightly west of downtown had a whole block a cheap space for people to rent. I'm not even sure exactly what the place was to begin with. the warehouse was, rumor has it a needle factory (pictured left) at one point there was a whole huge two story office like building on one side that ran the length of the block + then a bunch of one story spaces across the parking lot from the warehouse. (cont in two pages →)



PHOTOS: ELLI GURFWINDEL, THE ANN ARBOR NEWS

A defiant message has appeared next to the door into the Technology Center in downtown Ann Arbor, where tenants were put out Tuesday. Below, tenant Dave Williams removes his drums from the center. "It's a stab in the back of the whole art community of this town," he said. "There's no other place like this. It's really upsetting."

Reports of noise, threats detailed

Technology Center neighbors say they complained to city

BY TOM GANTERT
News Staff Reporter

A week ago, Patricia Wilson said she looked out of the window of her Washington Street home about midnight and saw three people in a brawl outside the Technology Center.

"They were throwing stuff and breaking glass," Wilson said. "I called the police."

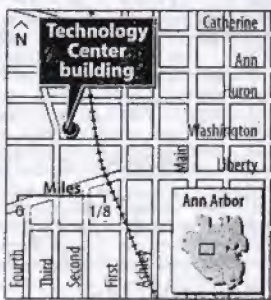
A few days later, Washington Street resident Mark Wishka confronted two men urinating in the front of the building, at Third and Washington streets.

When Wilson told them it was a family neighborhood, one of them pulled out a knife, according to the police report.

Many residents around the center have similar stories about how the hangout for struggling artists and musicians has dragged the neighborhood down.

"It has gotten out of hand," Wilson said.

On Tuesday, the Ann Arbor Fire Department closed the portion of the Technology Center that once housed Ann Arbor Circuits. Department officials



SONIA L. GOTTFRIED, THE ANN ARBOR NEWS

said the building is a fire hazard. The sprawling factory warehouse had been subdivided into

25 cubicles that provided studio space for artists and musicians.

Neighborhood residents said garbage was left out in violation of the city's Clean Community program, and they told of alcohol and drug activity and late-night parties and fights.

Bill Kotila, a local broker and attorney who was managing the building, said Wednesday that he was never notified by police or the neighbors of any problems at the center.

"We were always extremely ready to work with the neighbors, but I never knew they had

SEE BUILDING, B4

Cont. next page

The Technology Center
410 W. Washington
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104
Phone: 734 994-8791
Email: kotila@earthlink.net

To: Tech Center Tenants

From: Bill Kotila

Date: April 1, 2002

As many of you know, The Ann Arbor YMCA completed its purchase of the Tech Center 10 days ago and I will manage the building for them for the next 15 months. In the past couple of months I've met many of you and I'll make an effort to introduce myself to the rest of you beginning this week. I expect to be at the building every day, and if you see me in the office please stop and say hello.

As for the business details, not much has changed:

- (1.) Please continue to make your checks payable to **The Technology Center**.
- (2.) The office phone number is the same: 734 994-8791
- (3.) You can also reach me at the Email address in this letterhead or, when I replace the cell phone on which I spilled an entire cup of coffee last week, at 734 417-4625.
- (4.) Perhaps the most efficient way to pay rent and communicate remains the mail slot in the office door

My job is to keep you warm and dry, and, as best I can, make the next 15 months in the building as pleasant as possible for all of you. I have some obvious budgetary constraints but if any of you have any thoughts about what might make the building more attractive or a more pleasant place to be, please let me know and I'll do my best.

The other side of the coin is rent. I would be grateful if you would make a serious effort to pay it on time. If anyone has a problem, please come and explain or leave me a note and I'll come and see you. As you know, this is my job and I may be a bit more annoying than Ray was when it comes to getting the rent in on time.

Having said all that, I look forward to the next 15 months. Let me know how I can help.

Information about Zoning and Planning Issues

The YMCA has applied for a PUD (Planned Unit Development) Zoning permit. This is a special permit that allows the applicant to have maximum flexibility in developing the property in question. This permit is required due to the need to build the building high enough to avoid flooding.

They have to submit the request for this permit and have it approved by the Planning Commission for the city.

The date of this meeting is still undetermined but will take place in mid-January 2003. It is held at City Hall and is open to the public.

The developers will then have to come back and submit their plans for the site. This is expected to occur sometime in Feb. or Mar. and must be approved by the Planning Commission. This whole process will take several months and may not be actually approved until possibly April.

The woman at the Planning Department is Alexis Marcarello.

The next City Council Meeting is Tuesday Dec. 17 at 7:30pm. You can sign up for public speaking time by calling 994-2725 at 8am the day of the meeting.

The Technology Center
410 W. Washington
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104
Phone: 734 994-8791
Email: kotila@earthlink.net

To: Josh Sanchez

From: Bill Kotila

Date: July 3, 2002

Re: Rent

Well, Josh I have to say I'm sorry we've reached this point. It was never my intention to get into an argument with you. But it seems we've reached a time when you have to make a decision. You can pay your back rent and stay or you can decide to leave. If I don't hear from you this week I will assume that you have decided to leave and I will begin making arrangements to rent your space. Whichever you decide to do, it would be useful to both of us if you would let me know.

BUILDING FROM B1

Neighbors say artists' space a noisy hangout

a problem," Kotila said.

Police Chief Dan Oates said the knife incident Friday, combined with long-standing concerns about fire code violations in the building, led to the inspection and closure Tuesday.

"I have the fire marshal telling me there are gross violations and it's the worst he's seen in his career," Oates said. "People living there is in clear violation of the law. What choice does the government have other than to evict them immediately?"

Among those evicted is Steve Hoffman, a 31-year-old glass-works business owner. He said he lived in a loft in the Technology Center for several months but had moved out. On Wednesday, he was moving his business out, too.

Oates said the building won't re-open until all the fire violations are corrected. He said he doubts that will happen because the building is scheduled to be razed and replaced by a new YMCA facility.

Hoffman said he understands

the neighborhood concerns, especially after the knife incident.

"I don't blame anyone in the neighborhood," he said. "If I lived here and had kids and somebody pulled a knife, I'd want this place out of here, too."

But the people who rented the low-cost cubicles were legitimate, Hoffman said.

The problem, he said, was there could be several people who showed up at the Technology Center uninvited. He said sometimes one or as many as 20 people who weren't known to the renters could be found passed out drunk in the building. Hoffman said there was a security guard hired who made nightly rounds.

Musical bands would play into the early morning, he said, but the noise was contained within the building.

Neighbors disagreed.

"I can hear it in my house with my windows closed," said Jackie Ryan, who lives on Washington Street about four houses from the Technology Center.

Jim Babcock, another Wash-

ington Street resident, said he was awakened every night last spring by noise.

"It was loud music, cars, people screaming," Babcock said. "Everybody should be able to have a quiet enjoyment of their property."

Wilson said the neighborhood understands the Technology Center serves a worthy cause.

"I'm sad for the artists who used it for their studio," she said. "But I do definitely feel safer now that it is closed. It was a place for a lot of younger people to hang out. That wasn't the best for the neighborhood."

Meanwhile, the artists are temporarily out of business.

Hoffman paid \$250 a month for space at the Technology Center. Now, he is looking downtown and says his rent could be \$1,700 a month.

"We have to have a group of guys to be able to do that," he said. "We will be scrambling to find a place."

Reach Tom Gantert at 994-6701 or tgantert@annarbornews.com

Support The Arts & Music Community In Ann Arbor

The Coalition of Independent Artists meets EVERY MONDAY AT 8 PM at THE TECHNOLOGY CENTER at 400 W. WASHINGTON ST. (The double doors by the Washington St. Bridge). Our objective is to build a grassroots network of local artists and musicians who are interested in establishing a creative center in A2 that will include affordable studio spaces as well as a multi-purpose performance space. All are welcome to join us and share their opinions.

EVERY MONDAY AT 8PM
AT 400 W. WASHINGTON
ST.: The Technology Center
(Use the double doors by the bridge)

CONTACT US AT
cia_ann_arbor@hotmail.com

Who, What is the Coalition of Independent Artists?

- a quality of life
- a creative atmosphere
- independent of more structured organizations
- more autonomous
- offers unique educational contributions
- synergy, multi-medium
- What Are the Important Issues
- separation of living space and working space
- value of staying in the Westside - the physical location
- need for an identity
- develop and nurture the artistic spirit
- value the diverse culture - ie bio-diversity
- provides options - room for experimentation
- emphasis on less organization structure
- living workshops, grassroots
- contribution to the urban planning of the community in NY, Montreal -

COURT REPORT

(from two pages ago)

- Any way it was alot a space + it was cheap rent. really cheap for Ann Arbor.

My first experience w/ the building (officially named the technology center, we all called it the Perf Net because the Performance Network, a local theater group had a big space there for a lot of years) was when my band recorded at 4002 studio there in like 96.

Later some kids started renting + building spaces in the wave house + my friends started hanging out there. Eventually Mark + then Jason rented a studio + were living there. (cont. next p)

ANN ARBOR CIVIC THEATRE Performance Network
People Dancing Ann Arbor Taxi
Clancy's Fancy Hot Sauce Friday Dance from Art studios
Music practice (all kinds) Dance Gallery RENAISSANCE ROOMS
Moscow Ballet workshop Indonesian martial arts
Club Sublimis Middle Eastern dance Alternative energy sources
YOUNG PEOPLE'S THEATRE Gay cyber community JUSTICE FAMILY
BODIES IN BALANCE FITNESS STUDIO & much more

What do all these have in common
(currently or in the past?)

THE TECHNOLOGY CENTER
(a.k.a. former "Performance Network", Artist's Network, &c)
At Huron, Third St. and Washington
FOR DECADES, ANN ARBOR'S MOST AFFORDABLE HOME FOR
INDEPENDENT ARTISTS AND ENTREPRENEURS
THE YMCA PLANS TO BUY AND DEMOLISH IT, IF
GIVEN REZONING BY THE CITY

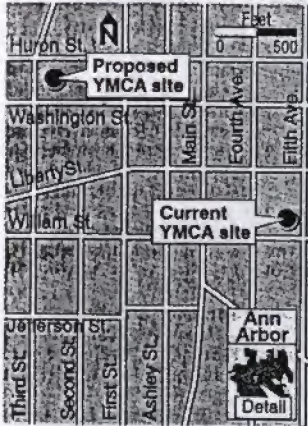
A COALITION IS FORMING
OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO PERPETUATE AND
STRENGTHEN THIS OPEN COMMUNITY AS
A COOPERATIVE, EITHER IN THIS SPACE OR
ANOTHER NEAR DOWNTOWN ANN ARBOR

Want to participate—or just curious? Have any ideas?
PLEASE HELP TO KEEP DIVERSITY AND CREATIVITY ALIVE AND WELL IN CENTRAL ANN ARBOR
Join us at 8 PM, Thursdays at
400 W. Washington St.
Ann Arbor Federation of Musicians/Ann Arbor Music Center
2nd door to west after the railway bridge

Info: 994-6701



YMCA unveils new building plan



NEWS GRAPHIC • SONIA L. BOVE

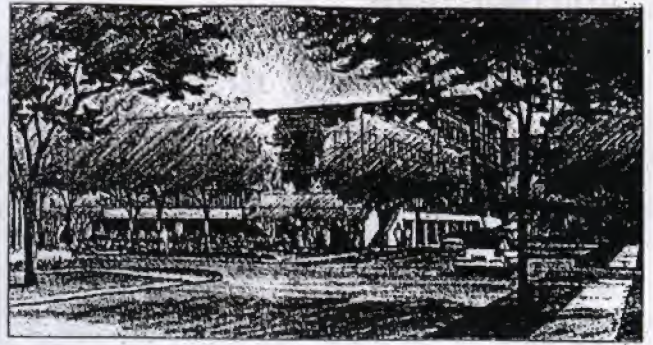
By CATHARINE O'DONNELL
NEWS STAFF REPORTER

The Ann Arbor YMCA has unveiled ambitious plans for a new multistory building on Ann Arbor's near west side and is hoping to break ground in about six months.

Cathi Duchon, chief executive officer at the Y, said Wednesday the 70,000-square-foot structure will be built on a 2.3-acre site on Third Street between West Washington and West Huron streets. The Y is paying \$2.1 million for the parcel occupied by industrial and office buildings known as The Technology Center. Jeff Vigue and six other partners are the current owners.

The Y submitted plans to the city this week, seeking rezoning from light industrial to planned unit development — essentially custom zoning, an agreement between the city and the petitioner about what will be built.

Designed by Ann Arbor-based Smith Group/JJR, the new Y will be built about eight feet above ground level with parking underneath. The site is part of the Allen Creek floodplain and



An artist's rendering of a 70,000-square-foot Ann Arbor YMCA planned for a 2.3-acre site on Third Street between West Washington and West Huron streets. The Y is paying \$2.1 million for the parcel now occupied by The Technology Center.

See YMCA, C3

YMCA: Low-income housing won't be part of new facility

as such must meet special regulations established by the Michigan Department of Environmental Quality.

The main public entrance will be on West Washington Street, according to a written statement from the Y. The building will include a gym, meeting rooms, 6,000-square-foot child care and wellness centers and two swimming pools (a six-lane, 25-yard main pool and a smaller one for families and teaching).

The nonprofit facility, which has occupied the seven-story complex on South Fifth Avenue since 1960, won't include low-income housing in its new building.

Duchon said the Y will continue to operate its single-room housing units on South Fifth Avenue for the two years it will likely take to raise \$16 million and build the new facility. During that time, the Y will discuss alternatives with groups such as Avalon Housing, which helps low-income people find permanent places to live.

"We've overtaxed our existing facility's ability to provide those services," said Duchon, adding that the Y has broadened its offerings and more than doubled its

membership in the past five years.

The Y's building on South Fifth Avenue went up for sale more than a year ago, after a feasibility study showed insufficient room to expand. At the time, Duchon said the building had been valued at \$7 million.

The Ann Arbor Transportation Authority attempted to buy the property, planning a new version of the Blake Transit Center now next door, but could not finalize a purchase option. AATA would have partnered with a developer who would have built offices and housing above a new transit center — possibly 350,000 square feet.

AATA executive director Greg Cooke said Wednesday that he continues to talk with Duchon about a possible deal. "I think we have a shot and are interested," he said.

Duchon said she's talked not only with AATA, but with developers who might develop the site, including low-income housing, on their own. However, she said, "we have no buyers on the horizon."

Catharine O'Donnell can be reached at codonnell@annarbornews.com or (313) 994-6831.

Businesses, Artists, Musicians at The Technology Center 2001

1. Washtenaw Intermediate School District
2. Ann Arbor Civic Theater
3. Peter Sparling Dance Co./Dance Gallery
4. NiaFit - 741-1198
5. Bodies In Balance Fitness Studio - 665-0900
6. Irena Nagler - Nightfire Dance Theater - 996-1772; 764-5421
7. Frank Hannah - Wolf & the Rhythm Section from Hell
8. Chris Taylor - musician, four bands
9. John Griffin - musician
10. Gary Willibey - musician
11. J.D. Wolf - musician, Wolf & the Rhythm Section from Hell
12. The Kid, Clay Robert - musician
13. ADAM Bug Courmoyer - musicians, Tomb of Unknowns
14. Scott Morgan Rehearsal - musician
15. Andy Furde - musician - Bonki & Tomb of the Unknowns
16. Dick Wilson Studio
17. Kevin Ewing - artist
18. Adam Savickas
19. Erin - Elvis Cashion
20. Joshua Pardon Company
21. Paul Snabes - drummer
22. Andrew Stot - drummer, Drunken Bus driver
23. Rob Wilton - singer/guitarist, Drunken Busdriver
24. Josh Sanchez - singer/guitarist/illustrator, writer, small press publishing co.

25. Antworth Glass
26. Master Conga Drumming
27. Simmons Studio
28. New Age Image Modeling
29. Metal Artist
30. Wright Street Design Group, Inc.
31. Music & Creative Arts Therapy
32. Eyesight Production
33. Sojourner Farms/Yazoo Designs, Inc.
34. Complete Spectrum
35. Doug's Framing
36. Roy More Spa Co.
37. Happiness
38. Janie Paul
39. Ann Arbor Eckankar Center
40. Joseph Hardesty
41. John Holtfreter Music Studio
42. Susan Hamady
43. Larry Rehak

44. Transportation Workers union - Local
45. Jan Nunge Noffke - sculpture
46. Whitley Setrakian / People Dancing
47. Clancy's Fancy Hot Sauce
48. United Technologies / Otis Elevator Co.

Unmarked doors
3311

-you weren't supposed to live there so it was all on the down low. Mark was putting on "Family Values" work shops every week or so instead of pot luck/partys were all his friends came "Family Values" sounded official + real so he could get away w/ it.

So he had is space for a few months before he stopped paying rent. Conventually at the exact same time that I moved out of my house. So I just took over his studio w/ out asking the land lord or anything. Eventually he was like "who are you?" I said "Mark's friend. uh... my band practices here." So I was in. Teaching Kindergarten at the time, paying cheap rent, saving money so I could buy a house. The whole thing

EVICTING THE ARTS

The Coalition for Independent Artists' Search for Space

by Devon McPhee

The audience probably didn't know, but it was a rock show about eight months in the making, and a reaction to events spanning the past 30 years.

The show's organizers, C.I.A.² (Coalition for Independent Artists of Ann Arbor), want that concert, held last August at the Blind Pig, to be the first in a series of benefit shows to raise money for their cause—providing affordable studio space for local artists and musicians. The coalition has also released a benefit CD, now out in local music stores, to benefit the group.

C.I.A.²'s inception was brought about by the closing of the Technology Center on W. Washington. (The property the center is on was bought by the Ann Arbor YMCA for its new fitness center.) "C.I.A.² was founded by myself and John Griffin," says Mazinga guitarist Chris Taylor. "At the time, John and I were in a band called 'Tomb of the Unknowns' that was sharing space at the Tech Center. We knew that if the Tech Center was to shut down that there would be virtually nowhere for bands or artists to find affordable rehearsal or studio space. This incited us to put out a call to arms, so to speak, to the tenants of the Tech Center. We felt that this was an event that would bring all the artists together for the common goal of keeping our art and music community alive."

As Taylor says, the immediate effect of the center's closing is that a number of independent artists, musicians and small business owners will be evicted from the last cheap, affordable rental space in Ann Arbor. Those who can afford to will move to home studios or rent space at a higher rate; those who can't, talk of moving to Ypsilanti—where rent is cheaper. In a greater sense, some say the closing of the Tech Center signals the end of the Ann Arbor born in the late '60s, early '70s—a mixed bag of artists and small-time entrepreneurs that gave the city its eclectic flavor. "This creative community is in danger of being driven out in favor of an increasing shift of values toward gentrification and uniformity," says Irena Nagler, an active C.I.A.² member whose dance troupe, Nightfire, performs at the center. "It's a matter of economics more than anything else, and is reflected nationwide and worldwide wherever a community has the money to profit from short-term gains."

C.I.A.²'s initial meeting—December, 2001—was a success. Around 45 tenants met to air their frustrations over losing their rehearsal space. "Everyone basically agreed that we were getting the shaft," says Taylor. "There was a sense that we were all in this together and that something had to be done." It was decided that the first thing the coalition needed to do was apply for non-profit and tax-exempt status so they would be eligible for federal and private arts funding. The idea for a benefit concert to raise the money needed to apply for each status surfaced soon after. By then meeting attendance had dropped off sharply and the handful of members still remaining had trouble organizing.

Plans were scaled back from a huge benefit featuring bands, dance and theater performances and an artist showcase to events that could be put together more quickly. After months of looking for a venue, the Blind Pig had space available in August. Mazinga and three other bands, The Rants, Trabajar! and Rael Rean, played. About 120 people turned out, raising close to \$700 for the coalition—more than enough to move forward with the applications.

The group now has huge hurdles to face, including finding a new complex and the right people to help them. "Right now they are doing all the right things to succeed," says member John Ardussal, founder of Auxiliary Power Inc., a local computer game company. "But eventually they are going to need more help. They are going to be involved in a real estate transaction. They are going to be involved in construction. They are going to need to get grants and assistance from the federal, state

and city governments. There is no way for them to do this all themselves. They need to sign on people who have done or do this regularly and the community must come to their aid."

As far as the tenants know, they have until July 2003 to find a new space. Until then, C.I.A.² members will continue to put some of their practice and performance time on hold in order to meet at the Tech Center every Monday at 8pm to hammer away at becoming an artist's cooperative. As Taylor says, "This isn't something we want to do. We'd rather just be doing our art."

The C.I.A.²'s Benefit CD is available for \$8 at local music stores. Those interested in joining the organization should attend a meeting, Mondays 8pm at the Technology Center, 400 W. Washington in Ann Arbor.

October 2002 CURRENT 9



Ann Arbor News May-2K4
IN BRIEF

Sign warns of curse at new YMCA site

A bizarre sign warning construction workers of a curse at the site of the new YMCA building was tacked onto a fence Wednesday by a man who warned a worker to take it seriously, Ann Arbor Police said.

The small sign was affixed to the north side of the fence on Huron Street, at the site that was once home to the Ann Arbor Technology Center. That building had been set for demolition but burned down in a suspected arson in July.

The sign said, in part, "This ... Temple of Evil was destroyed by a Father of Time. If you choose to work here I will destroy you as well," police reports said. The message was signed by "The Sphinx."

An electrician who read the sign said he snickered at its message, but the man who posted it told him it wasn't funny, reports said. The electrician reported the incident to his supervisor, and the man walked off, reports said. He has not been located.

VISION STATEMENT

The Coalition for Independent Artists is a network of musicians and artists committed to the development and aspiration of nonprofessional artists, and values and respects the contribution of every art medium. The Coalition is an alternative to formal structured art organizations by providing a grassroots forum that gives nonprofessional artists options and freedom to explore the limits of their creativity. It offers a quality art community life that fosters artistic autonomy and unique educational opportunities. The Coalition's vision is accomplished through

- concerts, performances, art projects
- classes and workshops
-

GOALS

- Maintain a quality of artistic life (describe quality)
- Develop and nurture the artistic spirit
- Fill void in community of lack of grassroots arts created by growth of other art organizations
- Provide opportunities for practice and experimentation
- Promote synergy and diversity among art mediums at the community level
- Contribute to the growth and health of the social community

STRATEGIES

was really cool. Eventually punks took over ^{mostly} the whole warehouse + we were eating together + sharing stuff + starting bands. And then the place got sold to the YMCA. Who were doing the concrete slime ball thing trying to build a "better" space but w/out the ~~unpleasant~~ annoyance of having the low income housing they currently had. And the city bent over backwards letting them do it. So both artist + the poor lost housing in one fell swoop.

So the YMCA gave us a new temp land lord who started off as a total dick + then when he saw the cool shit we did at the 1st punk week became a nice guy. But he started renting spaces to folks ~~not~~ as just cheap living space, with out any pretense of →



(cont from last page) → doing something other than living. So a ~~few~~ jackasses moved in. Then some idiot friend of an idiot pulled a knife on a Yuppy, who called the cops who showed up + forcefully evicted us. (And then I had to try + explain to all my Kindergarten why my picture was in the paper)

So we got evicted + a few months later everyone else did, so the YMCA could level the building + build a spa. ↗

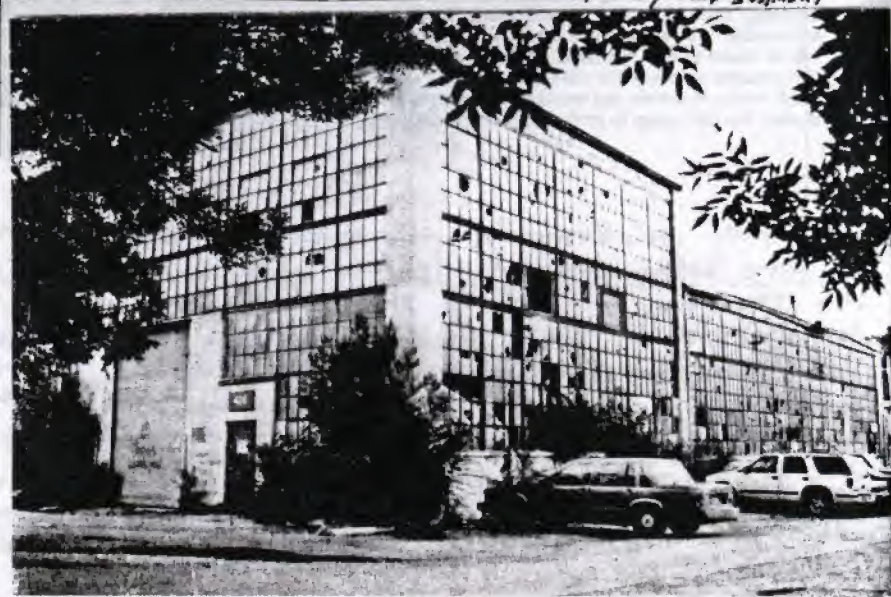
→ (cont.) in the middle of destruction it got set on fire (or caught on fire) (see prot ←)

The whole thing went up in flames except for the work making the final veto for the eviction even stupider that it was ~~the fire~~ Also, the whole time during the sale + eviction we started the Coalition for Independent Artists of Ann Arbor (C.I.A.²) who's goal was to find another spot for bands + stuff.

The Mayor acted interested but then blew us off + really, we just couldn't get it together. No one had the know how or time to both be in a band + run a non-profit. Anyway this was right about the starting of big development deals in down town so we didn't stand a chance.

I think there still like \$600 in an account somewhere waiting for the right group to need it.

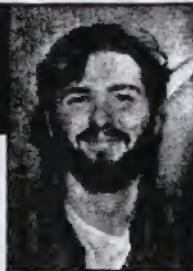
(there was this cool note posted around after the fire talking about how the fire was the building's last performance. I would like a copy if anyone has one.) (Also there's a movie called "Whatever you destroy" about the space by Max Supman)



GIMME DANGER!

AT HOME HE FEELS LIKE A TOURIST

by Josh Steichmann



The generator was already there by the time I walked down to the show. It had been hauled down by someone, full of gas and ready, sitting to the left of a crowd that churned anxiously, a sea of sleeveless t-shirts, Mickey's Ice, ball-point tattoos and safety pins. Clutching tight a butane disposable lighter for illumination, a boy with blazing red hair and soft-spoken demeanor hops up on a slab of concrete.

"What are we gonna do if the cops come?" he asks urgently. The replies from the crowd are mixed, a murmur of "run" or "stay" spiced with "riot!" and "fuck 'em up!" Calmly the redhead gets a consensus to stay, should the police show up at all. Soon enough the starting chord for the generator is pulled and the lights and guitar attack come up in the same instant.

Two bands churn through gasoline exhaust, blaring raw punk rock to a thrashing crowd for half-an-hour. In the end, both bands stop for the same reason: they don't know any more songs. The cops never show up, the guerrilla generator show was a success and the night is still hot as we walk home.

By the first of September there are one million frat parties, with bands that know radio-ready Dave Matthews Band covers. Most of the attendees won't have any interest in wandering out from the safe enclaves around State and South University, let alone making the

stomp like Blue Cheer's second coming. September is redeemed only by one spectacular show that makes up for the rest of the month's anemic dribblings—the Def Jux showcase on Sunday the 22nd. Featured are Def Jux impresario El-P, the post-prosaic dada-ist flow of **Aesop Rock**, **RJD2** (whose album, *Dead Ringer*, is the follow-up DJ Shadow meant to make) with playful emcee **Mr. Lif** and a set from **Cage & Copywrite**, two underground rappers from the High Times and Royalty labels (Royalty is best known for putting out early Mos Def and Jurassic 5 albums). Local rappers **Switch Stance** score an opening slot for the most vital backpack hip-hop tour anywhere.

For those of you who can't quite get over the fact that both The Grateful Dead and Phish have *broken up for good*, there's **Smokestack** on Friday the 20th, **Knee Deep Shag** on the 21st, **Phix** on Wednesday the 25th and **Domestic Problems** on the 28th.

The Elbow Room has another uneven schedule, with highlights including the militant Duke-hatin' punk of **Cobra Youth** on Wednesday the 11th, a night of '60s bliss-pop and surfing sock-hop riffs from **The Singles** and **The Rants** on Saturday the 14th, psychedelic garage from **The High Strung** on Tuesday the 17th and a local band showcase night on Saturday the 28th for XM Satellite Radio with Tokyo-crushing metal from

Broadzilla, **The Queens of Noise** and **Flapjack**. Check www.ypsirocks.com for schedule updates.

Luckily, the students also mean a return of a couple of great venues. Unfortunately, the kids at the Halfway Inn got caught boozin', so there are no shows there 'til January! **The Canterbury House** at 721 E. Huron is back in action, though. **Chris Peck** and **James Ilgenfritz** swap solo sets of electronics and double bass (respectively) and then duet on Saturday the 14th, and **Luva** plays mod electro on Saturday the 21st. For more avant jazz/electronica check out **Birth** at **The Firefly Club** on Tuesday the 17th. Birth



has received favorable comparison to Bloodcount and the Vandermark 5 by combining drum 'n' bass with free reed-driven exploration.

effort to catch some punk band playing where they're not supposed to. Wander down to Encore Recordings on Liberty and talk to the younger guys there. They'll either know where the shows are or lie to you, sometimes both. If I could list the generator shows here, I would. But last time I mentioned something cool and quasi-legal, *The Ann Arbor News* called the cops.

In the interest of preserving the one rock club closer than Ypsi, don't let the sub-par offerings of **The Blind Pig** this month dissuade you from walking down there in the future. While **The Sights** played an incendiary show last month with **The Kingsnakes**, belting out mod-

has received favorable comparison to Bloodcount and the Vandermark 5 by combining drum 'n' bass with free reed-driven exploration.

Take the long walk while the heat of fading summer still keeps light late and nights warm. Every show seen in muggy heat staves off the fall and winter for one more day, so do your meteorological duty.

Josh Steichmann exists as a "rock columnist collective" for the New Militant Socialist Workers Committee. This column is written by democratic suggestions submitted to the committee at rock@sgipub.com.

Punk Week and the Hot Rod Shopping Cart Race!

Ann Arbor News
(July or Aug) 2K2

THE TALK ABOUT TOWN

They're not your mom's shopping carts

Keep the day of Aug. 20 open for Ann Arbor's fifth annual shopping cart race.

Only a handful of people know the time and place, but the day is painted at various sites on downtown streets along with a flaming shopping cart. It seems as if that's when participants decorate shopping carts and run them down some designated city street.

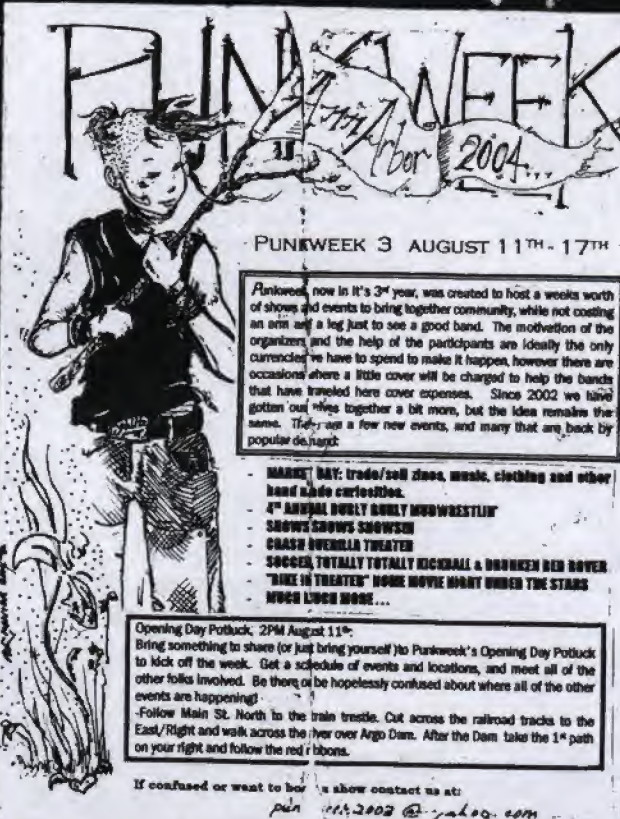
An article, complete with fuzzy photos, in the leftist monthly Agenda publication last year pegged last year's competition at just before midnight on North Main Street.

It's hard to get any more information on the event, since participants worry that the bastions of society, including the police, would shut it down if they could find it. "First they're racing shopping carts, then they're racing shopping carts naked, then they're racing shopping carts naked and smoking dope," one Ann Arbor officer jokes.

In fact, a Web site also talks about the race - without giving the time or place - and calls for a solid week of A2PUNKWEEK events including the burly grl mud wrestling championship, as well as shows and workshops.

Isn't this how the art fairs started?

- Jon Gorkin helped start the shopping cart race in 98. In Ol' Monica got Burly Girl Mud Wrestling together a few days before the 4th shopping cart race. We had joked for years about having a punk week, and now we're two events making almost a punk half-week. So the next year we actually got a full week of events going. The basic idea was to get a non-music oriented fest going. It worked pretty well + we kept doing it every year. Someday I'm gonna do a whole zine on PunkWeek.



PUNKWEEK 3 AUGUST 11TH - 17TH

PunkWeek, now in its 3rd year, was created to host a week's worth of shows and events to bring together community, while not costing an arm and a leg just to see a good band. The motivation of the organizers and the help of the participants are ideally the only currencies we have to spend to make it happen, however there are occasions where a little cash will be charged to help the bands that have traveled here cover expenses. Since 2002 we have gotten out a little more, but the idea remains the same. This year, as a few new events, and many that are back by popular demand:

- **MARKET DAY:** trade/sell zines, music, clothing and other hand made curiosities.
- **4th ANNUAL BURLY GIRL MUD WRESTLING**
- **SHOWS SHOWS SHOWS**
- **COASH JUVENILE THEATER**
- **SOCCER, TOTALLY TOTALLY KICKBALL & DRUNKEN RED ROVER**
- **"RAKE IN THEATER" HOME MOVIE NIGHT UNDER THE STARS**
- **MUCH MUCH MORE...**

Opening Day Potluck: 2PM August 11th
Bring something to share (or just bring yourself) to PunkWeek's Opening Day Potluck to kick off the week. Get a schedule of events and locations, and meet all of the other folks involved. Be there or be hopelessly confused about where all of the other events are happening!

- Follow Main St. North to the train trestle. Cut across the railroad tracks to the East/Right and walk across the river over Argo Dam. After the Dam take the 1st path on your right and follow the red ribbons.


If confused or want to know more show contact us at:
pun 2004 @ yahoo.com

AUG 20th - 26th

PUNKWEEK

ANN ARBOR - 2003

ANNUAL #2



It's inherently punk to be disorganized, hence this flyer for a week long festival with a bunch of non-specific times & locations for the events. Don't let that discourage you, bands and shows aren't nearly as important as people. If we show up ready to have a good time, we will. Plus, we pulled it off last year & we were way less organized that time.

"OTHER FUN STUFF"

- Soccer, Thursday @ 6pm. Ask around for location.
- Project FINE / Excitement, Subterfuge. Ask Monica how to participate!!
- Basketball, ask re. Pickup Games!
- Red Rover // Drunken Danger // Ask when & where.

"HELP..." we love it. offer. He's what makes this all happen

★ THANKS

TO EVERYONE WHO MAKES IT HAPPEN, ORGANIZERS & PARTICIPANTS!! GIVE YOURSELVES A HEALTHY PAT ON THE BACK!!

some excerpts from old punkweek booklets we gave out at punkweek

You can't drink on the street
You can't skate board down town or on U of M property/ campus.
There are signs in town to let you know
They really hate loud noise, even playing acoustic on the street could get you a ticket. Usually they give warnings first so don't be an asshole and you should be fine
You can't be in any of the parks after 10 pm. Mostly they just make you leave and alcohol is extra illegal in the parks
Biking in the street is legal, but side walks work too. They do give tickets for running reds on bikes

Spare changing is kind of up in the air. It used to be okay but there's a new law that says you can't do it, but I think it's mostly a class discrimination law (anti-homeless) if you're from out of town you probably won't get a ticket. If you're performing (guitar, singing, sketches) you probably have even less of a chance. But who knows. State St., Liberty, and Main are probably the best spots.

Camping out - probably if you get caught they just make you move. Some people have been fucked with but it's rare
Pot is way more illegal on campus, it's not as bad in the rest of town which is a remnant of the time it was legal in the '60s but it's still illegal
They are really on top of the parking thing so feed your meters or find good residential parking and walk. Sundays are free + also after 6pm (call city hall if you get towed)

Shopping carts - it's illegal to steal them. They cost some where around the \$500 mark so be careful. Also, you might want to take it back to the place that you got it from later. Ann Arbor Property Disposition might have some used ones for sale if you want to look them up and call
Almost everywhere it's people and it's been know to have mini cops ask someone to buy beer + cigarettes and then bust them
You'll get arrested for spray painting no warnings
In general cops around here are alright except they have nothing to do + there are a lot of them. There's not a Punk Cops head line in some towns. They kiss around town in Bikes, SUVs + the regular cars. The U of M cops are real nice. And they are mostly bigger jerks. But the AAPD just hired a bunch of newbies + want to prove they can do their job. Many of the women cops seem pretty paranoid and will come down hard on you. If provoked, but mostly you can get warnings if you act like you take them seriously.

They're not to bad really + rarely break the law as far as searching with out warning and what not. Just remember "no you can't search my bag/car or come into my house"
Security guards around campus + parks and recreation patrol can't do much but call the cops last

Not ready for Athens

Once again, anyone getting their beauty sleep last week on Tuesday night missed the annual shopping cart race, which traditionally takes place at the stroke of midnight on an August night.

The shopping carts, decorated by young local artists and their friends, are decked out to look like so many little rolling floats in a chaotic parade that hurtles down the slope on North Main Street toward Summit Street, trailing a crowd of people running flat out in an attempt to keep up.

One viewer said a couple hundred people showed up to watch maybe 20 or so shopping carts race in an event that has no celebrated winner. "It's a gas," he says. "It's an event that's spontaneous and not organized for the benefit of tourists or students."

One person says there were enough people that he didn't even get to see the race. However, he says he spotted four carts linked together and noticed one punker who completely wiped out.

Local police on the overnight shift reported the event to HQ, but no report was forthcoming on the race, which usually lasts no more than 45 minutes.

IN BRIEF A² News Aug-27-2K3

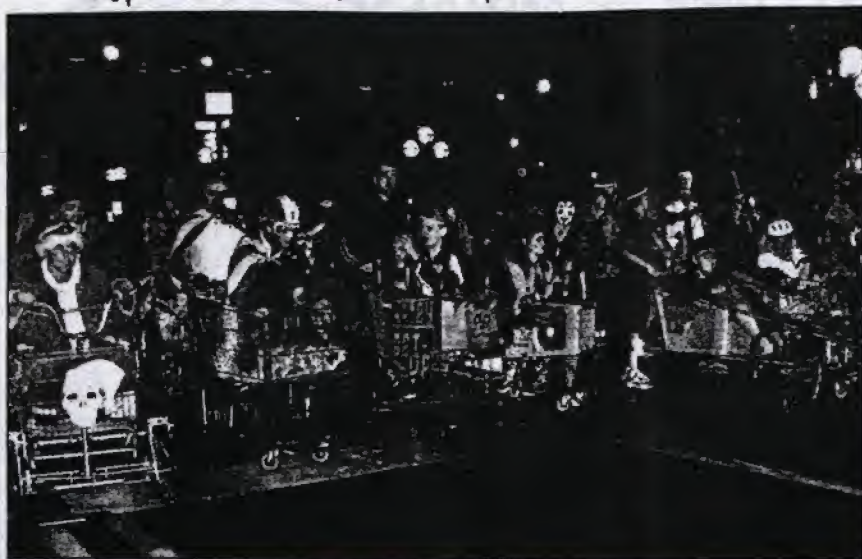
Shopping-cart race packs Main Street

A crowd of about 2,000 people gathered along Main Street in downtown Ann Arbor early this morning shortly after midnight to watch an annual shopping cart racing tradition, Ann Arbor Police reported.

Police said the crowd was much larger than usual and created some traffic problems by blocking Main Street. Participants ran the races along Main Street to the 900 block near an old railroad bridge, where many people had congregated, reports said.

No arrests were reported.

From News staff reports



Not Lost in the Supermarket

Shopping carts roll down Main Street

by Sophie Roy

As a French woman in Ann Arbor, I saw what I would have never seen in Paris: a shopping cart race. Certainly Ann Arbor may be more appropriate than Paris for this kind of event. Can you imagine a shopping cart race on the Champs-Elysees? No, it is impossible.

But here, in a sort of climax of Punk Week, a dozen or so participants gathered to race elaborately decorated shopping carts from the Fleetwood Diner down Main Street. The carts were like parade floats from the subversive side of the tracks, slyly mixing Santa and Mrs. Claus with George W. Bush and Dick Cheney, for instance.

An element of drama added to each cart driver's performance. Judging became complex, a matter of subtle differences. Was it more favorable to be dressed like a tiger or was it better to plant sunflowers in the cart? Difficult question.

Excitement rose just before the race began as participants and carts lined up. And then...go. Everybody was running, laughing and sometimes even falling in, on or under their carts. Some overachieving participants had their eyes on the prize and focused on mechanics. That's why Santa Claus didn't just roll all jolly-like in his cart but rather pedaled and steered with handlebars on a bicycle-cart hybrid vehicle. After a ferocious struggle, this year's winner was a sidecar cart. (To make your own, take a cart, take a bike, hook them together, ride your bike as usual.)

That one may have won in terms of speed, but another beat them all for creativity. The racers hooked three carts together and laid a mattress across the top. On the mattress road one guitar player and one transvestite. Palm fronds sprouted from the sides. Two women pushed and steered. It was like a demented chariot.

Then it was over, at least until next August. Fleetwood. Be there.

SPEED FREAKS

Looking for ways to fritter away even more of your worthless life? Try these!

SMOOTH MOVE

Competitors in the International Belt Sander Drag Race Association enter either the stock or the modified series and race down a 30-foot track at speeds way beyond the reach of your company Yugo. (belt-sander-races.com)

FREEWHEELIN'

If you wish to be mocked relentlessly by friends and family, then unicycle racing's for you. Straight shooters can do anything from sprints to 10K marathons, off-road, backward, or while juggling. (unicycling.org/usa/)

CUT THE CORNERS

Enjoy riding lawn mowers but wish you could really feel the wind in your hair? Here's your chance. Mower jockeys get up to speeds of 60 mph on a track. Call us old-fashioned, but we prefer bush. (letsnow.com)

CART ATTACK

Every year since 1998, nutjobs in Ann Arbor, Michigan wait for traffic to clear in order to bomb through town in customized go-carts. The winner's prize? A chat with the neighborhood cops, who don't sanction the run. (jim.rees.org)

HOT SEATS

Members of the National Organization of Bar Stool Racing in America get their stools flying on street courses and drag strips at 45 mph or more using electric- or gas-powered motors. We'll drink to that. (barstoolracing.net)



WELCOME TO ANN ARBOR!

THIS IS A TOWN MAP.
THE NUMBER GUIDE IS ON
THE BACK SIDE. IF YOU GET
LOST, PEOPLE ARE GENERALLY
FRIENDLY + THERE SHOULD
BE PLENTY OF KIDS AROUND
TO HELP YOU OUT. SO DIG
IN THE TRASH, GET
DIRTY + HAVE FUN...
THIS WEEK THE
CITY'S ALL
OURS...

(31)

TO PICKERELL LAKE...
A GOOD 25 MI. BITE EDC
A GOOD 20 MIN. DRIVE ASK
FOR DIRECTIONS.

Dexter
JACKSON

MAPLE

RESIDENTIAL
NEIGHBORHOODS

LIBERTY
SEVENTH

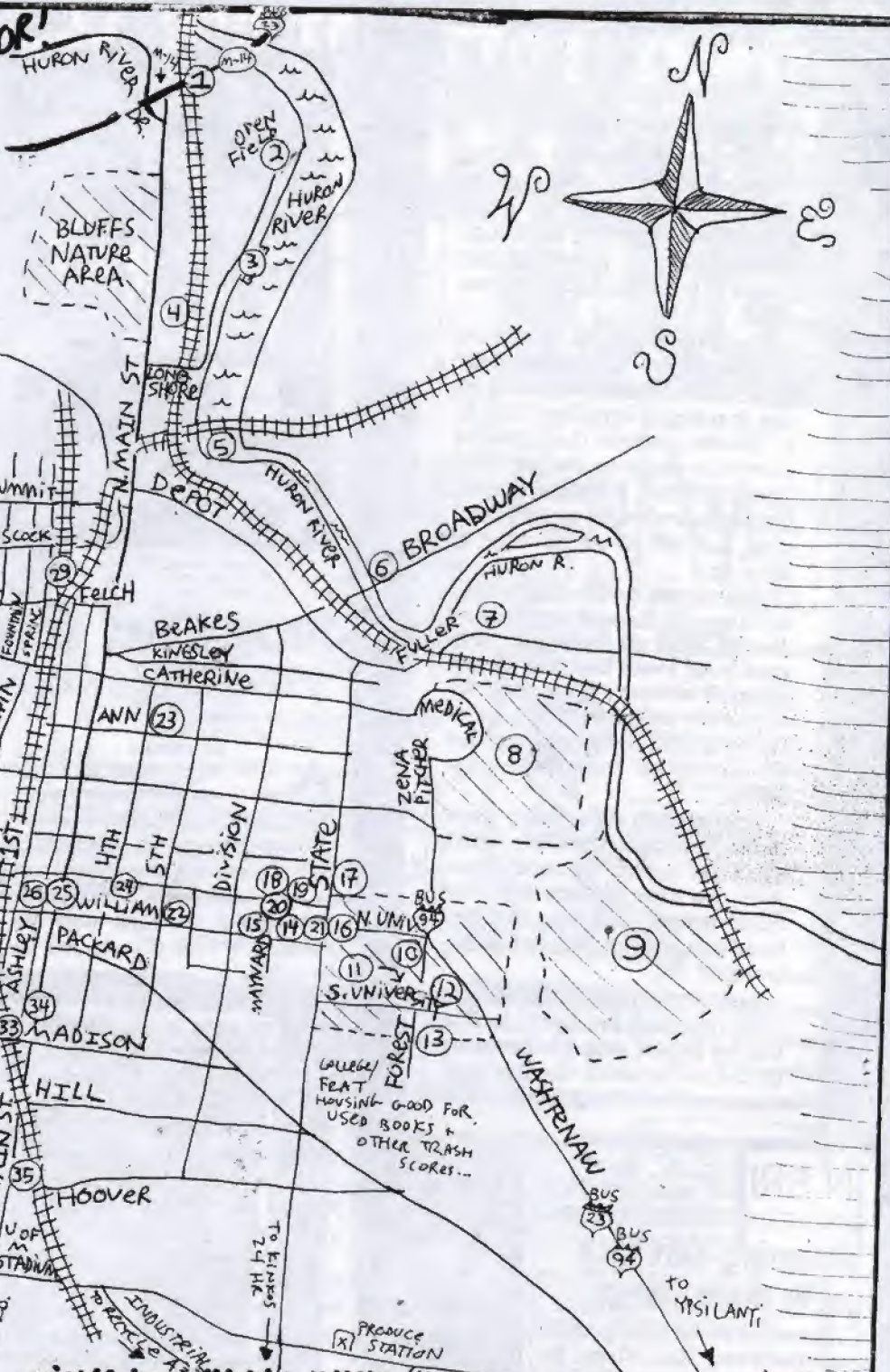
RESIDENTIAL
NEIGHBORHOODS

STADIUM

SHOP- LIFTING:

SCIO CHURCH

DO NOT STEAL FROM LOCAL
BUSINESSES LIKE STADIUM
HARDWARE OR ANY OF THE MA
+ PA TYPE PLACES. PLACES LIKE
MEYERS, KROGER, TARGET + K-
MART HAVE EVERYTHING YOU
NEED IN ADDITION TO BEING
GIANT EVIL LIFE SUCKING
CONGLOMERATE ASS HOLES.



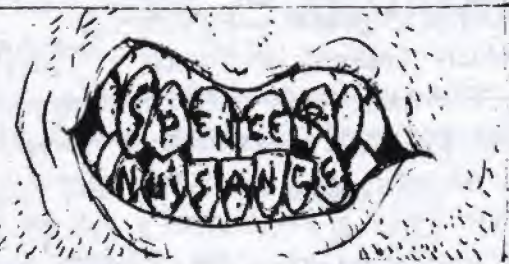
THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW:

- YOU CAN ALMOST ALWAYS FIND LEFT-OVERS IN THE TRASH OR BY ASKING FOLKS WALKING BY FOR THEIRS
- ALMOST ALL THE RESTAURANTS + CAFES THROW SHIT AWAY. LOOK IN THEIR DUMPSTERS OR ASK FOR THROW AWAYS. "OUR TOWN DELI" ON LIBERTY + MAIN OR ON S. UNIVERSITY THROWS AWAY BAGELS AT 5:00 PM ASK THEM THEY'RE NICE!
- YOU GOTTA TIP FLEETWOOD SERVERS AT LEAST A DOLLAR FOR COFFEE, MORE FOR FOOD. OTHERWISE THEY WON'T SERVE YOU. DO IT, CAUSE WE LIKE THAT PLACE. DON'T PISS THEM OFF!
- COPS IN ANN ARBOR ARE PRETTY REASONABLE, SO REASON WITH THEM. OH AND ILY NOT TO DO ANYTHING TOO STUPID.

- at punk week 3 I asked Danica to make a map of town + she came back w/ this. ↑ the most awesome map of Ann Arbor ever. So here it is reprinted. On the next page I tried to update it w/ a lot of stuff that has changed.

NUMBER GUIDE:

- ① M-14 OVERPASS... LOCATION OF THE ^{many} LAST GENERATOR SHOWS + POSSIBLY OTHER EVENTS. IF POSSIBLE, DO NOT DRIVE, BUT WALK TRACKS INSTEAD. CAMP FIRES OK!
- ② FIRST DAY GENERATOR SHOW LOCATION. WALK THE TRACKS EAST ON N. MAIN ST ~~NORTH TO LONG SHORE DR + TAKE THE DIRT RD NORTH ALONG THE RIVER. EVENTUALLY YOU'LL HIT IT.~~
- ③ DOCKS + CANOE LIVERY... NICE SITTING, DRINKING HANGING OUT SPOT AT NIGHT.
- ④ ART TRAIN. THIS IS NOTHING MORE THAN A TRAIN W/ STUPID PAINTINGS ON IT. YEAAH.
- ⑤ HURON RIVER TRAIN TRESSSEL AND ARGO DAM. NICE NIGHT TIME HANGOUT SPOT.
- ⑥ ST. VINCENT DE PAUL THRIFT STORE FEATURING MOSTLY LITTLE AND GIRLY STUFF.
- ⑦ FULLERPOOL: SNEAK IN! ⑧ U OF M MEDICAL CENTER - EXPENSIVE, RUDE, + REAL BUSY.
- ⑨ NICHOLS ARBORETUM (ARB) - WOODSY EXPLORIN' HANGIN' OUT SPOT ⑩ U OF M CAMPUS. DUH.
- ⑪ DIAG = DIAGONAL WALKWAY THROUGH MAIN CAMPUS. GRADUATE + UNDERGRADUATE LIBRARIES LOCATED HERE, FREE EMAIL + MORE BOOKS THAN YOU CAN STOMACH.
- ⑫ VILLAGE CORNER - CHEAP 40'S OF SCHLITZ (\$1.74 OUT THE DOOR) FRIENDS WORK THERE SO DON'T FUCK W/ EMPLOYEES - CHEAP BEER SPOT + OTHER RANDOM STUFF.
- ⑬ CAMPUS BIKES - NASTY MOTHERFUCKERS STEAL FROM THEM SPRAY PAINT THEM. (NEXT TO V.C.)
- ⑭ WILLIAM JUST WEST OF STATE IN THE ALLEY IS NY PIZZA DUMPSTER ALMOST ALWAYS HAS PIZZA ⑮ ANOTHER CAMPUS BIKES - WILLIAM + MAYVARD ^{same DEAL}
- ⑯ MBS - MICHIGAN BOOK + SUPPLY - OVERPRICED UNDERPAID OK TO STEAL HUGE NO CAMERAS
- ⑰ STATE THEATER - SNEAK IN. ⑱ MICHIGAN THEATER - PAY \$9.00 ~~FOR MOVIE~~ SNEAK IN!
- ⑲ ENCORE RECORDS - DO NOT STEAL! OK? ⑳ BORDERS - YOU KNOW THE DEAL.
- ㉑ BIVOUAC CAMPING SUPPLY - NO CAMERAS, 3 ROOMS + BASEMENT, STEAL! BUT DON'T GET CAUGHT...
- ㉒ PUBLIC LIBRARY - EMAIL W/ I. D. 9 AM - 9 PM ㉓ FOOD CO-OP - EXPENSIVE SO STEAL BUT ONLY IF NECESSARY LOCATED ON 5TH + WILLIAM. (DON'T STEAL) 4TH AND ANN ST.
- ㉔ POST OFFICE ㉕ ~~"OUR TOWN DELI"~~ ^{ALTERNATIVE TO} ~~COFFEE SHOP~~ ^{starbucks} ~~Now FLEETWOOD~~ - STRONG COFFEE! AAAH!!
- ㉖ FLEETWOOD DINER - TIP THEM OR DIE! ㉗ WEST PARK - BASKETBALL + OTHER STUFF SHORT CUT TO 715 MILLER ST.
- ㉘ 715 MILLER - RAW HOUSE - URBAN CAMP GROUND ㉙ PICNIC SPOT ~~DAYS~~ BEER HUNT START
- ㉚ MACK SCHOOL - OTHER B-BALL COURTS ㉛ WEST GATE STRIP MALL - VALVE WORLD THRIFT K-MART - STEAL? (EASY AS FUCK TO STEAL)
- ㉜ 4 SEASONS DUMPSTER - AWESOME PRODUCE DUMPSTER! ONLY AFTER 11 PM ㉝ WASHTENAW DAIRY - CHEAP HOMEMADE ICE CREAM
- ㉞ ~~GREAT LAKES CYCLES - GOOD DUMPSTER EASY TO STEAL BUT BE SNEAKY~~
- ㉟ 2-WHEEL TANGO - BIKE DUMPSTER ㊱ ~~WHOLE FOODS~~ ^{WHOLE FOOD MOVED FARTHER AWAY} ~~STEAL, RAPE, PILLAGE (SNEAK)~~ ^{Now A Trader Joes} → DUMPSTER DIVE! // but don't steal.
- ㊲ BUSCH'S 24 HR SUPER VALU LAND - NO CAMERAS, FREE COFFEE, BOTTLE RETURN
- ㊳ MEIJERS - 24 HR SUPER MARKET - CAMERAS + SECRET SHOPPERS SO CAREFUL STEALING.
- SHIT I FORGOT ON THE MAP: KINKOS ON LIBERTY BY BORDERS OPEN UNTIL 10 PM THERE'S ANOTHER KINKOS ON SOUTH STATE ST OPEN 24 HRS ASK FOR CODES... (US, DUMM)
- MAIN ST. PARTY STORE - MAIN AND ANN - \$13.99++ 30 PACK P.B.R GOOD DEAL! DO NOT STEAL!
- BOTTLES + CANS ARE REFUNDABLE FOR 10¢ A PIECE!**
DON'T THROW THEM OUT YOU PAID FOR 'EM.
- Whole Foods is now about a half mile east of where it used to be + really low on security. Also a Barnes + Noble next door, every thing is free.
- Trader Joes is where Whole Foods used to be, dumpster but don't make a mess.



So by now Punk Week is long over, and everything pretty much went off without a hitch. The shows and events that I was able to participate in were relatively well organized, entertaining, and some even downright inspiring. But there's still so much more we can do. So much more we NEED to do.

For those few readers not "Punk Rock" enough to know what Punk Week is, allow me to hippen you. Three years ago this summer, a bunch of people from our community put together a series of mostly free, mostly outdoor activities and concerts under the nominally restrictive banner of Punk Week. The first annual Punk Week featured some pretty decent generator shows with a few good touring bands and local acts, but was predominately attended by a bunch of elitist, dirtier-than-thou, out of town crust punks, who wouldn't even look you the eye if you didn't have dreadlocks and smell like you hadn't showered, changed your clothes or brushed your teeth in the last year. It's not that I didn't try to be friendly. On the day of the first generator show under the bridge I came upon a procession of about twenty or thirty of these kids who seemed to be on the way there. Since I was unsure of the exact location, I asked them where the show was and how to get there. The only response I received were aloof stares. That's only one example of the kind of attitude I observed that year, and I know I'm not the only one who saw this. This kinda soured the whole experience for me, and I came away generally disgusted.

The second one I don't remember too well. I don't think there were too many shows, but I seem to recall a preponderance of playground games and craft workshops. That's all fine and good, but none of it really piqued my interest. But maybe the last years experience had kind of turned me off to the whole thing. So that's probably why I wasn't around for most of it.

This year things seemed different. There weren't quite as many travelers as before, but that's okay because the few that were around were all pretty cool, or at least friendly. There were so many shows going on that there was no way I could go to them all. And the somewhat less artistic activities were limited to a few fun things like kickball and the decidedly low brow beer hunt (where I held the top score of an 18-pack! Eat it, ya bastards!) And this was the first time I'd gotten to see or participate in the travelling generator show, which nearly brought tears to my eyes.

The concept is this: a few bands play for a few minutes at a few locations around downtown Ann Arbor, with all the equipment and a generator being driven around in a pickup truck. The first few sets by the Teeth, Bantha Fodder, Hairy Drain Babies, and Kick Like Crazy were all great, but it was the last set that was truly remarkable. The band was clearly thrown together at the last minute, comprised of some members of the previous bands, and frankly sucked ass. I can't even remember the name of it. But that really didn't matter. What happened in that alley way was simply awesome. As they played, the doors on the backs of the buildings started opening, and soon workers at the businesses, curious passersby, people from all walks of life stood at rapt attention with looks of delight and wonder on their faces, because someone had decided to come along and play music, all for THEM! But this doesn't have to happen once a year.

What I propose is this: As weather permits (like starting next spring maybe), stage a free weekly outdoor show, probably at one of our public parks. I've learned that it costs about \$80 to turn on the power and "run" out the bandshell at West Park. We could cut out a significant portion of this cost by using a generator. Gallup Park could be another option, and it's farther away from residential neighbors who might complain about all the "noise".

Also, I've heard several accounts this year of people feeling discouraged from attending Punk Week events because of the name alone. They felt they weren't "Punk" enough to participate, whatever the fuck that means. It's really sad when a scene that's supposed to be about including all those who feel disenfranchised by mainstream society becomes just another elitist, exclusive social club. It really pisses me off, whether intentional or not. I know punk doesn't have to be a restrictive genre or whatever. It should be whatever the fuck you want it to be. But still, peoples perceptions are what they are, and it's largely a result of the kind of behavior exhibited by some of the "participants" at the first punk week. Plus I think the name's just kinda goofy sounding, and not terribly creative. I suggest calling it the People's Week, because that's really what this should all be about.

But, I'm sure someone can come up with something better than that. So when you do, or if you have any questions, comments, ideas or suggestions about my proposals, feel free to call me any time on my Official Punk Rock Cellular Phone at (734) 444-XXXX. Later.

reprinted from Bad Ideas #4 fall 2K4



4th ANNUAL ANN ARBOR HOTROD SHOPPINGCART RACE

WHEN: August 21st Tuesday. Race starts at Midnight
WHERE: Fleetside Drive (at 11:30 please)
WHY: To have fun and win COOL prizes
WHAT: 4th ANNUAL ANN ARBOR HOTROD SHOPPINGCART RACE
WHO: You and 1 partner
HOW: 1 pusher 1 rider. Get dressed up, decorate your cart
RULE: No Motors! Feel free to modify your cart in any way, regardless of size, weight, etc. It's like a shopping cart.



Punk Basketball Tournament!

2pm Monday August 25th

3 on 3 basketball Tournament with a prize for the winners. You know, actually most of the time sports suck. People tend to take them too seriously and end up playing a game without having any fun. Sports can be fun if you not an ass hole. This is how it works: Enter Your Name. Teams will be picked at random. All the teams will play half court games up to 11 points (all baskets count as 1 point, no three pointers). The rules are simple.

- No blind no foul (if yer bleeding or have a broken bone, you get a free shot after your team scores a point)
- Try to dribble (if you can't that's ok)
- DON'T BE AN ASSHOLE. (were here to have fun, if you can't have fun playing a game don't play)

We're not sure what the prize will be. Superficial something cool. If not beer or something lame like that. Unfortunately the person setting this up is an un-organized twit so the location was decided after the map was made. Sorry. There's a map and directions from Fleetside that's it.

More punkweek
booklet pages.

A2 News 9/5/2K5

THE TALK ABOUT TOWN

Cart race crash trash inspires 'art'

North Main Street is the venue for a number of, let's say, grass-roots art works.

The pylons of the Ann Arbor Railroad trestle are painted with murals; broken concrete is piled in neat stacks; and now a tangle of shopping carts has managed to spring up.

The "sculpture" is made up of the remnants of the annual and purposely unadvertised shopping cart race, run every August by self-described punks who race down the hill of North Main Street on shopping carts decorated and even modified in various ways.

For example, this year's race included one shopping cart disguised as a tank and another with bicycle tires welded to the cart.

Douglas Allen seems to have been inadvertently assigned to clean up the shopping carts left on the field. Allen works at his father's development firm, Peter Allen and Associates, 944 N. Main St., near the site of the race. The morning after, he found a number of discarded carts this year.

Some of the carts that carried identification were trucked back to retailers, but others ended up in the pieced-together pile along the street.

Allen says he hopes someone carts them away, since he doesn't expect the stack will stand up to winter weather.

- of course, not everyone enjoyed punkweek. Some had good reasons others didn't. Many people felt it was too exclusive. Spencer wrote this article for Bad Ideas. The next issue had a response from Jeff Parkins + one from me. My response is reprinted on the next page. →

~~the way~~ I thought Spence made some good valid points, I mostly had a problem with the fact that he never helped with anything + then complained.
— My Response —

Okay, as ridiculous as it seems to write a letter to a magazine I help make, I just couldn't think of any other way to respond, cuz I'm certainly am not using my own column to respond.. First off, Spence, isn't it a little shallow and self-congratulatory to complement your own band in the third person. I mean, I hope you didn't hurt your arm patting your self on the back when you said, "The first few sets by the Teeth, Bantha Fodder, Hairy Drain Babies, and Kick Like Crazy were all great." I mean did you think people don't know your in the Hairy Drain Babies or what? And second, I take offence to you saying my band sucked ass, cuz Bantha Fodder and Kicked Like Crazy sucked just as much ass as we did. Both of them were way less rehearsed than we, the "clearly thrown together," band were. Okay but really now, PunkWeek. Thanks for coming this year, thanks for writing about it, and thanks for having fun. But, there are a few mistakes in your column, Spence. Remember that part where you said you didn't come to the second PunkWeek because everyone was mean to you the year before and the schedule was full of "playground games" and "Craft Workshops" and not a lot of shows? But remember how that's not the real reason? Remember how that's what you're saying now, so that you don't look like such an idiot? Remember how at PunkWeek 2 you got mad that we didn't book your band. And remember how you and some of your friends wanted to throw an event called "Bunk Week" in protest to something or other? Remember how you were going to put up some fliers about "Bunk Week"? I remember, Spence. I remember, cuz I thought it was interesting that you had no idea why we didn't book your band. One thing I don't remember though, is whether or not you put up those fliers for Bunk Week or if that was just one more thing you talk about doing but never get around to (similar I predict, to your new generator show idea). I can't speak for everyone involved in Punk Week 2, but do you wanna know why I didn't book your band? Ok, I'll tell you. I didn't book your band because at the first PunkWeek, we did. And you guys whined and whined and cried about being tired, played two hours early and then left before the other bands could play (consequently missing one of the best punk week shows). Remember how you guys did that? That kinda stuff is not so fun to be around when your organizing a show (not that you'd know). I decided that I didn't want to deal with you guys during Punk Week 2. Not only that, but you didn't really come to events. Why bother booking someone if they don't want to be there? I just thought I ought to bring up the actual reasons that you missed the Second Punk Week. In your revisionist column you seem to have forgotten that part.

I also think it's interesting, Spence, that it took you three years to realize how mind blowing the traveling generator shows are. I mean, everyone else knew that three years ago. (Even some of the "Elitist, Dirtier-Than-Thou, Out of Town Crust Punks, Who Wouldn't Even Look You in the Eye if You Didn't Have Dreadlocks and Smell Like You Hadn't Showered, Changed Your Clothes or Brushed Your Teeth in the Last Year." Knew about how cool the traveling generator shows are.) I mean, what took you so long? All you had to do was show up and you'd of seen it. Hey, that's right, why didn't you show up? I mean I guess it was kinda early, 2:00pm. But most people made it, even some of the E.D.T.T.O.T.C.P.W.E.L.Y.E.Y.D.H.D.S.L.Y.H.S.C.Y.C.O.B.S.Y.T.T.L.Y.'s got up all early. Even peoples who's bands weren't playing came. Oh! I bet that's it! You didn't come to any of the other traveling generator shows because your band wasn't playing, and this year, your band played and you had to come. That sounds right to me what do you think, Spence? And as far as the E.D.T.T.O.T...etc. that were mean to you. Well gee, Spence, if you called me an E.D.T.T.O.T...etc. I wouldn't wanna talk to you either. And don't pretend like you hadn't formed that opinion before you met them. Because like so many other folks in this town, you like to pretend that you're better than someone else because you have a job, SUCKER.

Regardless, the E.D.T.T.O.T.'s were nice to me. They were friendly, concerned and intelligent. And they even helped out (more than you did) and we didn't even ask them to, they just did, by themselves, go figure. And really, I have a hard time believing that story about them just giving you "aloof stares". It just seems completely unrealistic. I mean, come on who would do that unless they really were assholes (which they weren't) or perhaps they were approached by an asshole? Okay, I guess it could happen. I'm not gonna call you a liar. I just think there was probably some part of that story you forgot to write about.

But look at it like this; why would the out of town kids know where the show was any better than you, who lives here? And why weren't you at the first generator show we had a month earlier, anyway? And of course their is the whole social awkwardness that so many of the punks have because of school, their parents or whatever. That's why so many folks are punk in the first place, because their socially inept. Maybe they weren't mean to you, they're just weird and you took offence because you wanted a reason to not like them, because you thought they were E.D.T.T.O.T.'s already. I don't know, what do you think? And furthermore, most of the kids who came to the first PunkWeek came back for the third and you liked them this time. What's that all about? I guess I just take offence to you talking shit about people who don't actually act like you described. Especially when you say the opposite thing about the same people two years later.

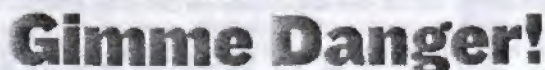
So, about that second PunkWeek being full of "workshops, and playground games." Ok this ones easy. Anyone can look at the schedule, and see that you are completely one hundred percent, absolutely wrong. Sorry, Spence, I'd hate to call you on being completely misinformed and sounding like one hell of a snotty little kid... but, yeah, you do, sorry. The "playground games" were the same as they were this year, except we had two more. And no, the fact that we had two more activities, didn't force us to cancel any shows. In fact I think that year we might have had more shows than any year previous. But I'm not sure, you should actually look at a schedule and let me know.

Okay, about those "craft workshops". Well, I guess there were two. I guess if you consider stencils to be a craft, you got one thing half right. The other workshop was a sound workshop, which considering how many times I've seen your band complain about how you guys sound, and stopping to mess with your levels during a show, you might have gotten something out of that one.

Lets change "Punk Week" into "Peoples Week" great idea Spence. After that we can petition to have the "Jazz and Blues Fest" changed to something else, I mean what if I don't like Jazz or Blues but still want to go. Lets call it the "Music and More Music Fest." That way everyone can come. Yeah it's a "goofy" name, that was kinda the point. I mean if someone's really not going to attend something because of the name, well, okay don't attend. I'm not gonna apologize if punk isn't the end all social scene for all disenfranchised youth. Yeah, we want people to come regardless of what your into, but first get over it. Stop marginalizing yourself and other people for what ever stupid tag you put on each other. Who are you to complain about that, Spence? Have you ever been to one of your own shows? Your band doesn't necessarily incite a richly inviting atmosphere. I know it's not your intention, but it happens. It happens to you and it happens to PunkWeek and we do the best we can. At some point you have to give up trying to convince people that it's okay to come to an event. It's seems no less "goofy" to not go to something because you don't feel like you're "punk" enough. Do you really think that if we changed the name hundreds of people are going to flock to Ann Arbor in late August next year? Ultimately does it matter what we call it?

Finally, aside from your completely inaccurate statements about what has happened every year at PunkWeek; aside from your just plain dumb comments about the E.T.T.O.T.'s and the title of the week; aside from you acting like it's important that you, just now, after three years understand how amazing PunkWeek is; This is what gets me... You want to do generator shows now? Okay great, then do it, Spence! Really come on. I told you three years ago when I bought the generator that you could use it any time you wanted to. At PunkWeek2, when you complained about how short the generator show was, I told you *again* that you could use my generator, and do your own shows. My generator had been at your house for a month while you "proposed" your idea of throwing "park shows" in your last column. So, here's what I propose, Spence; stop talking about what you think would be cool and get it done!!! Stop criticizing other people for not doing something the way you want. Stop asking for help and making excuses for why you can't do something. Does Jef need help when he puts on a generator show? No. He does it, and help shows up because everyone wants to see it. A lot of people help without being asked. Some people don't help at all. And some people don't help and then complain about it. Which one are you, Spence? Because really, think hard on this one, Spence; What the fuck do you do? You sing in a band, Spence. That's all. You do the easiest part of making music. You do the part that gets the most glory and takes the least amount of effort. I know, because that's what I usually do too. But, Spence, not only do you do the easy part, you also stole your whole sound from Jello Biafra (and yes I did the HR thing in Axis, but that's one out of five). Oh yeah, and you write a column for a zine, but that's because I asked you to. And, we started a zine and you didn't help a bit. Last issue, when Jef and I where collating the pages together, Dave from the Teeth helped proof read while you sat on the couch reading it, and complaining about how I messed up the track listing on the CD of your band that I put out. Did we ask Dave? No, he just saw that he could help and did. So I'll ask again, Spence, what the fuck do you do? Have you ever booked a show that didn't involve your band? Have you ever shown up at any PunkWeek planning meetings? Have you ever put out a record? Ever put up a traveling band? Ever put out a zine? Ever done a radio show? Yet, you bitch and complain about all those things! PunkWeek's not good enough... Jason's radio show doesn't play the music you like... the Bad Idea charges too much at the door... Mike and Jamie didn't record your band well enough. That's what you sound like, Spence. And your last column was a perfect example. Here's another question Spence: How many times have I booked your band? I can't even remember. But, how many times have you booked my band? Or better yet, how many times have you even come to see my bands? Of course I'm talking about the times when your band wasn't also playing. See, Spence, how come you get to be obnoxious and we still support you, but we can never count on you to just shut up, not be obnoxious and help a little? Doesn't it seem a little silly to use a platform, we gave you, to complain about us? So, how about this, Spence: You book you own shows at your own place. You put out your own zine. You throw your own week long event, and start your own radio show. How about you try that for a while. And if you can't do that, how about you shut the fuck up when things don't happen the way you want them to.

-Josh Redd Sanchez



Current
Avg - 2K5

14 AUGUST 2005

Brooklyn Shopping Carts Roll in Renegade Derby

Gentlemen,
ladies, start
your carts!

It was over quickly enough. The race itself lasted less than 10 minutes, and a half hour later, most of the crowd had gone back up the hill.

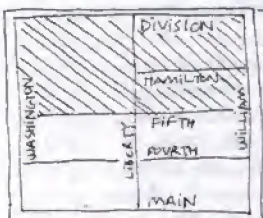
-I like Josh Steichman cuz he gives equal time to crazy punk events as he does bar shows. Sometime though he writes more about what he thinks should be at the event rather than what's actually happening. ↑ this article was a great example of poor journalism. He was supposed to show it to me before it got published. But he was late for his dead line & didn't. My name wasn't supposed to be used nor was a list of some of the illegal events and it makes me look like the guy in charge cuz he didn't talk to any other organizers. This was the 4th punk week where we were trying to move it in a new direction but some peoples ego's got in the way. → cont.

↗ New York has a shopping cart race too. But theirs isn't as cool...

MILLER (DON'T ISN'T AN OPTION!)
- TO CHECK OUT PUNK MADE
MOVIES & VIDEOS. MOVIES
START AT DARK. SHOW UP
EARLY FOR SPECIAL FEATURES
YOU MAY HAVE MISSED LAST YEAR.
PUNK ~~FEEL~~ SHOPPING
CARTS, DANCE ★ DOUBT
HYPOTHESIS
MADE VISION

This event was originated mainly out of boredom and being sick of too much talking and no doing - we figured if we made a big mud pit and get tough girls to fight in it, people would show up. And ta-daah! they did! So, on Friday you'll need a ride as it's too far to walk - either plan this in advance or go to Fleetwood or 715 Miller to find a car! Show up in the field near the corner of Pontiac Tr. and Joy Rd. Ladies of all Shapes & Sizes are invited to flex both their burlyness and sense of fun and semi-fair play (it's mud wrestling for fuck's sake!). You are welcome to wear a comfortable costume and give yourself a rassin' name. The 1st year boys winnabed about being the ones excluded (too old) so: BOYS ARE ALLOWED, BUT ONLY IN DRAG, AND THEY CAN'T WIN PRIZES - EXCEPT BEST DRESSED. THE RULES WILL BE ANNOUNCED AT RINGSIDE. PLEASE HAD!
DO NOT BRING PREGNANT LADIES OR NERVOUS, CREEPY last year was pretty pathetic
all the mean
(book)

THIS IS CAPTURE THE FLAG BUT DOWNTOWN
INSTEAD OF ON A FIELD OR IN SOMEONE'S
BACKYARD OR SOMETHING. PEOPLE DIVIDE
UP INTO TEAMS OF TWO AND GO TO THEIR
SIDE OF THE PLAYING FIELD. THE BOUND-
ARIES ARE:



TEAM A
BETWEEN SMITHSONIAN
AND WASHINGTON
F. WILLIAM

TEAM B
BETWEEN 5TH FMAIA
AND WASHINGTON
+ WILLIAM

TEAMS GET TOGETHER + DECIDE WHERE THE SAIL
ARE IF YOU TAG SOMEONE FROM THE OTHER TEAM
ON YOUR SIDE OF THE FIELD, THEY GO TO YOUR TEAM
SAIL THE ONLY WAY THEY CAN. GET OUT IS ONE
OF THEIR TEAMMATES CAN TAG THEM OUT OF
SAIL WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT. SAILS CAN BE
GUARDED SO DISTRACTIONS ARE A GOOD IDEA.
THE FIRST TEAM TO SUCCESSFULLY CAPTURE
THE OTHER TEAM'S FLAG AND BRING IT
BACK SAFELY TO THEIR SIDE WINS. OH,
AND IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO WALK SOMEONE
TO SAIL WHEN YOU TAG THEM, THEY SHOULD
JUST GO...

WE'VE GOT BUTTBOX,
SO WE KNOW WHO IS
FROM/KNOWS AZ. TOWNIER
HAVE PURPLE, VISITORS ORANGE.
ORANGE, IF YOUR LOST ASK
PURPLE. OK? OK!

HEY FOLKS ... FREE CERVEZA!!! ALL FOR YOU

AROUND 4PM WEDNESDAY

LIKE AN EASTER EGG HUNT
BUT WAY MORE FUN...
LOCATION TBA AT THE
FUTURK!! @2pm



be over again.
 - Location of the M-14 overpass on the east end of track
 - To get there from downtown, walk North on main rd. Go
 under the train trestle to the car to the right (411) you hit the
 the right hand shoulder walk another 100 ft you get to
 the overpass it's 1/2 way (for see map) (Cathedral City)
 - To get there from the opp the back of

Saturday: Aug-14th
"Generator show"
w/ P.C. Davis + 1 or 2 bands

(from last page) - It was supposed to be called "Seize the week" but the person making the booklets changed the name back to Punkweek cuz they liked it better even though we had decided as a group to call it Seize the Week. The next year I was still interested in moving it forward and ~~was~~ making it bigger & working with other groups, making it more political & more relevant to our community. A lot of the old organizers had gotten a bit bored w/ the predictability & were dropping out. I (a few others) wanted to change it. The organizing crew wouldn't have it. So I dropped out of Punkweek. I wrote this letter ~~down~~ before instead of after people started bitching..

To the rumor mill:

July - 2K6

I figured I'd just let anyone who wanted to know, exactly why I'm not participating in punkweek this year. You know before everyone makes up their own reasons about me being stubborn or a poor sport or a dick or selfish or enter your own adjective here.

For those of you at the meeting last week you'll know that I feel strongly that punk week should be changing directions. But that's only half of it.

What it comes down to is that, there's no challenge anymore. No risk. When we did punkweek the first time, it was all a wild gambit on whether or not we could do any of the things we wanted. We had no idea if we could get away with it. Almost every event was scary and tense and exciting, because this was all the thing we'd talked about doing, all the late night conversations that started with, "wouldn't it be cool if we....". We were doing all these things that everyone told us we'd get arrested for. The whole week was a challenge to the way we were told to behave. It felt like a risk everyday. And that first punkweek, even when things didn't work out well, was one of the most inspiring, incredible, motivating, and just plain mind blowing times of my life. It made me feel indestructible and it made me think that punk could actually change the world.

The next years by small degrees were less and less exciting. While the actual events were now better put together and more organized, (and sometimes more fun because the cops were coming less.) things were becoming less challenging and less of a risk. I felt like Punkweek was becoming complacent. I don't say this to dis anyone or belittle the hard work a bunch of people put into putting together punkweek. But this is why I'm not going to be a part of it.

The last punkweek was a caricature of the first one. The cops (or the Them) at this point didn't care at all about what we did. They let us slide for a week. The events were like forth generation photo copies of pervious events. All of the same actions with none of the dramatics, none of the feelings. Like our clock work generator shows, in and out with no hassles and no problems. We've got it down to a science where we know how to win every time. And don't get me wrong, I love each generator show I've ever been to, I think they are the most exiting way to see live music, it inspires me every time. What I'm saying is that, with out the risk, with out having to think of a new way to do things, without having to challenge my self and figure out how to get what I want to see done, it doesn't feel like punkweek. The action is there but the spirit is not. We go though the motions year after year doing similar events, minus the inspiration. Punkweek has become a cartoon of itself. The whole idea of doing something we thought was nearly impossible is no longer relevant, because we know everything we want to do is entirely possible, because we've done it before. And I personally don't want to be part of a soulless punkweek. The whole idea was to take a risk. I don't see a risk anymore.

It is entirely possible that being challenge is not as important to other people as it is to me. I'll give you that. What punkweek has become is maybe what people are looking for in punkweek. And that's okay. That's fair. What I'm saying is that I don't wanna have anything to do with it because that's not my style. Like the Lovesick song "I take a chance every time" I don't want to live safe, I want risks and challenges I want to overcome things I maybe thought I couldn't.

So, that's the thing. That's why I'm not at this meeting, that's why I'm not helping organize. There's also the stuff I said at the last meeting about how I think A2 punk should be moving toward actually making a difference in our world, starting by working with our direct community. Making allies not enemies and fighting for what we're for, instead of what we're against. All over the world punks are making that shift, and I don't want to be left in the Stone Age you know. But again that's me. This second point is the lesser of two reasons why this year, I'm out. Just thought I'd mention it as a side note.

Anyway, good luck, have fun, see you around.
Don't get caught

-Josh

* eleven #2 notes. this is reprinted from Bad Ideas #1. I'm ~~pretty~~ ~~sure~~ almost sure you can still take this walk, but there might be a building where a field or parking lot used to be. or vice versa. I didn't rehide waypoints, sorry.

Josh Redd's

Winter Tour of Ann Arbor -

Winter-03-04

eh, I walk around alot. All year round cuz I like the place I live. I enjoy the little paths + bridges and it's alot more fun than watching another fucking movie. Too many times I mention a bridge or path or park and find out no one knows what I'm talking about. I've taken people on walking tours, but below is a self guided tour. Take it, enjoy your self, or don't and go watch T.V.

* I like to get coffee before I go, so I start at the Fleetwood, but you could leave from any place around downtown. Dress warm cuz it's cold and if you're drinking I suggest taking whiskey or wine cuz it's just too cold for beer. You don't need to drink though, a thermos of something warm. You can take this walk any time day or night. I like the night cuz you have the whole town to your self. In the day you can stop at cafes + get something warm to drink or just warm up. It's best in the snow or best when it's snowing. I walked it slowly + got done in one hour + 45 mins. Oh... and please don't get arrested on the walk + give the cops this zine. Also... I hid three pins of crappy whiskey on the way. You probably won't find it, but you could get lucky.

Head to the Ann Arbor-Toledo rail road tracks. They are the ones on the west side of downtown cutting North-South + run kinda parallel to Main st. They swing past the Fleetwood and then over a few bridges across Washington, Huron, Miller, and Felch st. Walking from downtown take a right when you get to them. You're now headed north. Keep an eye out for good graffiti on the bridges, and the streets below you covered in snow is pretty cool. Especially Huron cuz you can see up the hill (west) all the way past 7th street.

Keep walking till you get to the bridge, now some people don't like to cross it, when it's dark and covered in snow. But stay in the center + you'll be alright. Between 1am + 3am are when the train comes. South bound is about a hour after the north bound train and most day these are the only two so if you see them your safe but keep your ears open. You can jump into the river safely but, it's winter + you'll freeze. Or get off the tracks onto Main st. Walk under neath the bridge to the river look to your right and you can see ~~an~~ argo

dam. Which you can walk over. (this bridge is the finish line to the Ann Arbor hot Rod shopping cart race every august and was where the cover photo for the Q to 60 in 73 books comp. was shot) Cross the river. Now your over the river. If your on the tracks go right as soon as you clear the bridge. When you get down to the ground right under the bridge look around. There's an interesting mural behind you. Straight up, underneath the train bridge but on the inside some guy used spray paint to confess his love to a girl he liked. I always wonder what the story is to that. Was he heart broken and longing, publicly announcing his defeat. But not too publicly. Or did he take her for a quite walk along the river, only to stop under the bridge and point up, then kiss and fuck right there in the path.

Look to one side and you'll see the ~~arg~~ argo canoe rental. Look the other way and there's a concrete bridge over the over-flow canal. If it's been cold you can walk on the ice. Throw some rocks to test it first. Anyway, walk in that direction over the bridge. When you get over follow the trail to the left away from the dam. If you've just walked over the dam take that trail but ~~from~~ from where you are it's on your right.

-follow the path for a while. On your left will be the "alga slide". It's where the over-flow canal goes back to the river. ~~It was~~ It was a fun place to go in the summer. It's a concrete ramp covered in algae that you could slide down. Some kid probably broke his foot + told his parents, then the city put bars across the slide so now you can't slide. After the slide is the power plant. There are three ways you could go. Right leads down to the river on this staircase that doesn't go anywhere, but is a good launching dock for home made rafts. Left leads to the streets. Inbetween takes you around the back of the power plant. Go that way. There is construction going on that way and a fence or two but go

Ann Arbor winter tour

- over or around them. You get to a bridge. It's the Broadway bridge under construction. Hop the fences & walk under the bridge to the other side. Keep walking thru the construction and you'll hit a paved path that follows the river.
- Keep walking. The river's on your right on your left will be a city utility building where you could steal industrial electric cable if you wanted. After that is a park that was the sight of the failed punk rock picnic in 1994. There was a huge dead hollow tree in the sand box there but it's gone now. Follow this path till you come to a road. It's Maiden Lane.
- Go straight across Maiden Lane to the street Island dr. Keep walking. On the left is some of Ann Arbor cheapest living. But it's not too cheap. Some where around here you cross one of Ann Arbor's rare exposed creeks. When you get to a foot bridge going over the river on your right hand side, take it you are now on Island park.
- On your right you can see this white building, it's a nice place to sit and watch the river. There's no electricity so you have to have a generator if you want to throw an illegal show. After you're done looking at the building go left down the path. Eventually there is another foot bridge going from the Island to the other side of the river on the right. Go across that and you're in the soccer fields of Fuller Park.
- As well as soccer fields Fuller park has a sweet play ground and a public pool with a big water slide and very little security at night, in the summer. As you come off the bridge you can see the pool barely dead ahead but a bit to your right and in front of that is Fuller rd. Walk toward Fuller. When you get there cross the street & turn left. Follow Fuller back over the river, and on your right is more soccer fields. Stop & look at the park. On the far right hand corner behind a batting cage is a hole in the fence. You can't see it until you get there, but it's there. It's one of the 'Peoples paths'. The city keeps fixing the hole and doctors & joggers keep tearing it down. Behind the hole is a well worn path that leads to the tracks.
- Once on the tracks, go right across the river (again) look down at the end of the bridge on your right side. There is a cool mural there painted the summer of '95. At one time off to the right of the tracks there was some woods and in the woods was an abandoned building. The building had been painted and decorated with old records and dolls by the old A² band "Schkami" and friends. One day my band Blue Onions went to do some painting there and we ran into some guy with a lot of hair painting the side of the bridge supports. The city turned the woods & the building into a parking lot but the hairy guys mural is still there.
- Directly after the bridge is a path on the left that leads to one of the hospital parking lots. Follow that. On the far side of the lot is a really huge staircase. Go up the stairs. On your right is the helicopter landing pad. If your lucky or patient you can see one take off. It's cool to see but sad because it means someone is hurt really bad, some where. When it's warm you can jump the fence & hide in the bushes inside the landing pad & wait for one to go. Finish walking up the stairs & turn around. It's kinda pretty huh. You should be able to see the north campus bell tower where they forgot to put a clock on.
- You're now on Medical Center dr. Turn to look at the hospital. A little to the right is the emergency room in case you have frost bite or hypothermia. On the left you can see a parking structure. There is a big lit up sign on the top of the nearest one that says "Parking for Anarchists". Don't go in the entrance of that, go into the next one, enterance a little farther up the hill. (It will be the second set of gates if you don't see the sign and just start walking to your left.) Go in and head as far away from the street as you can. There should be a tunnel for cars that curves so you can't see the end. Go in there it's not very long, but it's well lit and yellow and feels like it should be in a sci-fi movie. The tunnel pops out right in front of Mott's Childrens Hospital. Go right.
- Walk along the side of the hospital for a while. As of December 2003 you run into a chain link fence blocking off a construction zone. Normally you cut diagonally acrossed this parking lot then walk a paved path that leads up to the corner of Zina Pitcher and Catherine. You can't do that now so here's two other routes. 1) follow the fence to the left when it ends turn directly right into this parking lot. You will see a building in front of you. On the right side of the building are some dangerous stairs. Go up them. Then turn right down the street, it curves left but follow it till you hit Zina Pitcher, go right till Catherine then go left. 2) go this way if you want to jump on roofs & climb shit, and if it's dark out. At the fence go right, follow it till you run into the gate. It's locked but you can squeeze through it. Now you're in a parking lot walk a bit then look forward & left of you. There is a few pine trees near the corner of the fence. Go to them. Behind them is one of these orange plastic fences. Go over it. Now look ahead, there's a space to walk between two buildings. Walk down this space & it opens up after a few yards into this space with industrial fans & doors & some other stuff. Behind you & to your left is a building with a low roof you can climb up on. Once on top there is a pole you can use to climb up on a second roof. Now that you're on the second one walk forward till you reach the edge. Looking down you can see the space between the building that you just walked down. Now in front of you is another roof, level with the one you're on. You are going to have to jump to that one. It's about a four foot jump. I did it on ice & it was easy. Just be careful because it's winter & you don't want to lose your footing. Once you jump go left. You hit a ladder to another roof, go up. Pretty soon you have to jump down a few feet to the left to a lower roof. Then a big jump down on your right. The last big jump looks worse than it is. After that you're back on ground level. Look ahead you can see shrubs. Walk toward them, then over them then turn right on the street you're now on ~~which~~ which is Zina Pitcher follow that to Catherine then turn left.
- Now you're walking down Catherine toward town (west) about halfway down the block on your right is a plastic clear tunnel. Go in there.

(cont. next page →)

Ann Arbor winter tour

if it's day you can stop at Angeles and get some coffee + really good bread it's on the left at the corner of Catherine + Glen. After that go back to the tunnel. follow it over Glen and into a parking structure. Keep walking to the other side of the structure. the tunnel keeps going. At night the other side is locked but during the day you can walk into the Dental building. But for now don't go into the tunnel at all, go down the stairs until you get to the ground level then come out inside the parking structure + turn left away from the street until you get to some more doors on your left. Go through the doors then to the outside then turn right. Walk about 20 feet then stop. ① on your left are some stairs, sometimes they're locked. If they are follow ② if not go up them. At the top turn right you should see a fenced in playground walk around it + you end up on a street turn left... ③ go straight you're forced to turn rightish down this foot path. The path dead ends + you can go down this hill on the right or go left. Go left you come out on this street + you can see the playground on your left. Keep walking down the street.

There is a parking lot on your right. If you turn to look at it you want to end up in the farthest left hand corner of it next to an apartment building. Now looking at the apartments you can see a parking lot behind them. Walk into that parking lot. Now with your back to the apartments you have a nice view of the north side of town. There's a steep slope down that starts where the pavement ends. Now still looking north walk to the right hand corner of the parking lot. look down + you can see a narrow foot path leading down the slope. It's another path made by doctors + students. Walk down it, but be careful it's slippery sometimes.

Once down the hill you are standing in another parking lot behind another apartment building. Go left. As you walk notice the huge blank walls with no graffiti. Keep walking eventually you have to go right and you hit Depot st. Go left. You hit a 43 street intersection. Depot, State, and High street. Take High st. On your left is Gabriel Richard School which is a catholic school. The notable thing is their school sanctioned graffiti wall, that you'll see on your right. Mostly it says things like Happy Birthday Kati, but it's still cool cuz they could paint it over and they don't. Keep walking on High till you reach another big intersection. High, Detroit, and Division. You wanna go sorta left onto Detroit. Notice the abandoned building on the corner of Division and Detroit it has some cool art. Some of it old and a few things done by John Gerkin who writes the zine I Hate This Part of Texas.

Keep going down Detroit. It's a very old street + still has the original bricks. On your right is Treasure Mart, an over priced used stuff store. At night the lights are always on but no one is there + you can steal Neil Diamond records off their porch if you want. Also the dumpster is good sometime but they watch it during the day. Keep walking you first pass the world famous Zingermans who hire people with funny hair + piercings and have done it for a long time, back when it was hard to get any job. if you decided to dress that way. Their food is really expensive

and their dumpsters hard to get to but it's fairly easy to get free basil if you have bag pockets. They make a big deal about the time they entered to Hillary Clinton. Also on your left is Community High School, Ann Arbor's third + smallest High School. Detroit st. curves a bit when it crosses 5th ave but just stay on the bricks + you're on the right street. On your right hand side is Kerry town and every Wednesday and Sunday the Farmers Market which is a really good place to buy vegetables + support the actual farmers that grow them. Detroit st. ends on Catherine. Straight Ahead is a stupid metal art thing and the Peoples Food CO-OP. A bit to your left is an alley. go down the alley.

Notice on the right side of the alley is the co-op's trash. Sometimes you can find good stuff but rarely. You can always find left over wheat-grass. At the end of the alley, cross the street and go down the next one. On your left will be the Hands on Museum which is a fun place to go, but a little pricey. They have cheap days sometime, or they used to. Once in the alley look left and you can see stairs leading to the roof. They are blocked by a chain link fence which is easy to climb. The alley ends at Huron.

Go right down Huron passed one light and half way down the next block on your left across the street is another alley. Go down that way. Keep walking, look at art, ways to get on roofs and good places to throw generator shows. Walk for two blocks.

you're now on Liberty, and you're done with the walk. Turn right to get coffee at the Fleetwood, or just go home and warm up.

-THE END-



by: Mark Stelmaszek

We live in the midst of a transcultural paradigm which allots a certain portion of the population into a cold uncomfortable box labeled "unfit". I'm no anthropologist but I'm gonna go out on a limb and say that hunter gatherers didn't build wood and skin pens to cordon off their eccentric relatives like we do. Assuming this is true, the "unfit" phenomenon is a flipper baby of historical context. Sanity is a measure of psyche relative to the trajectory of contemporary cultural inertia. If I can wear a suit and smile in public yet abuse my children in the privacy of my own home - I'm all good! If I yell from a street corner I'm a "crazy homeless person". What happens if we turn this value system on its head? What if it's the culture which fails the crazies and not the other way around? And what happens when the tally of straightjackets starts to explode - when human excess threatens to froth over the brim of civilization?

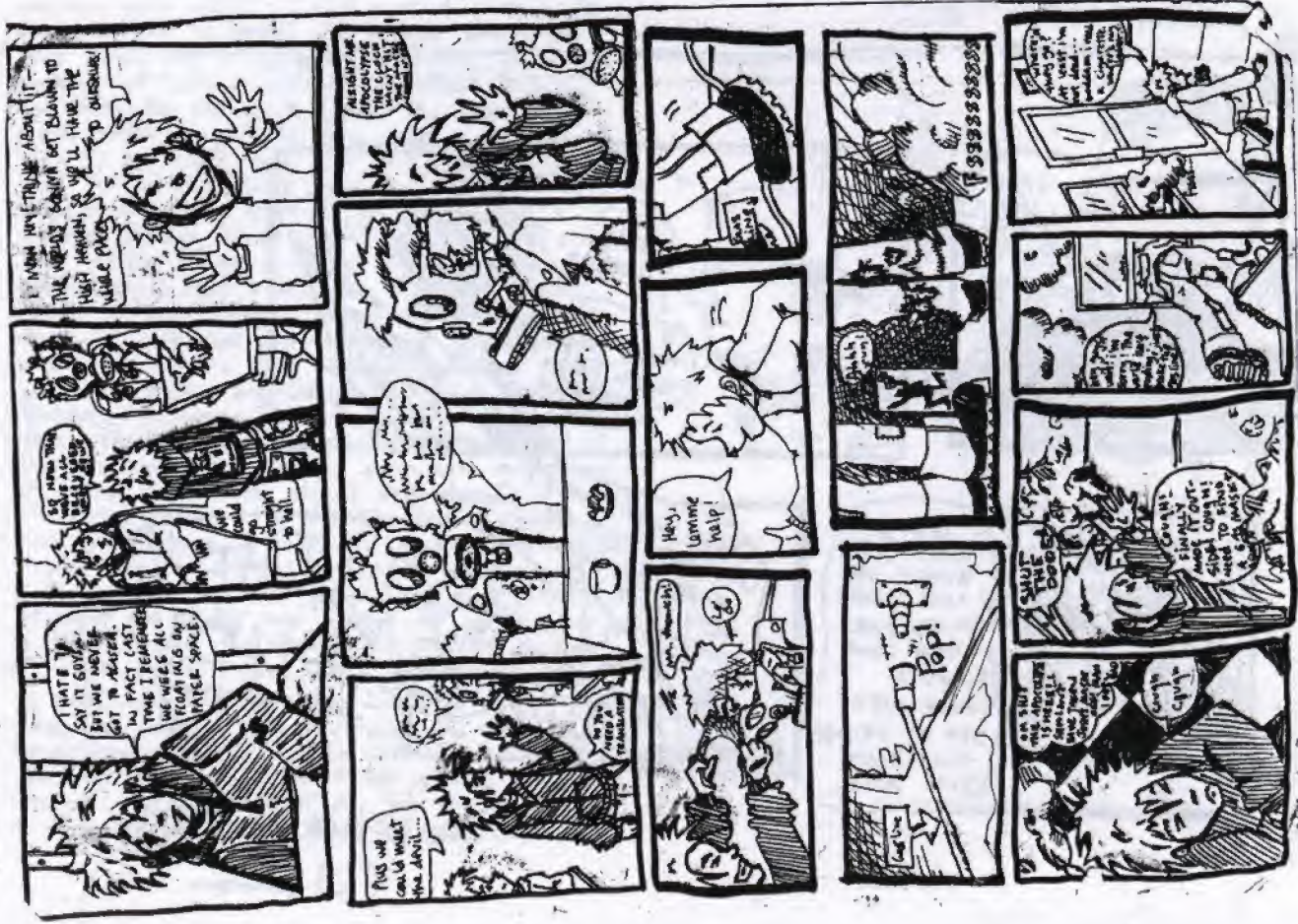
The larger institutions of nation, economy, and religion are only meant to satisfy our custodial needs while we pursue our most natural and enlightening ends of psychic transfiguration. What is money? It's an idea. What is ritual? It's a performance. What is civilization then but a pervasive system of symbolic exchange? We live in a Prozac Nation because we serve our symbols instead of letting them serve us. They are lumbering, old, and pitiless deities best left to be buried by time. However, contemporary insanity isn't symptomatic of contesting with forces larger than ourselves. We inhabit a world rife with mental aberration because our symbolic world has become uncomfortably small. When you wonder why you have to work your stupid fucking job you're shifting in your confines for a better position. We take drugs to alleviate our claustrophobia. We live in a chrysalis we will not escape until we bring enough energy to bear. But when we do, our governments will split open like overripe fruit. Our bibles will be storybooks and our gods mere characters. Money will be paper and ore. Only then will the "unfit" be free to move in the world as new creatures - unwritten and unknown.



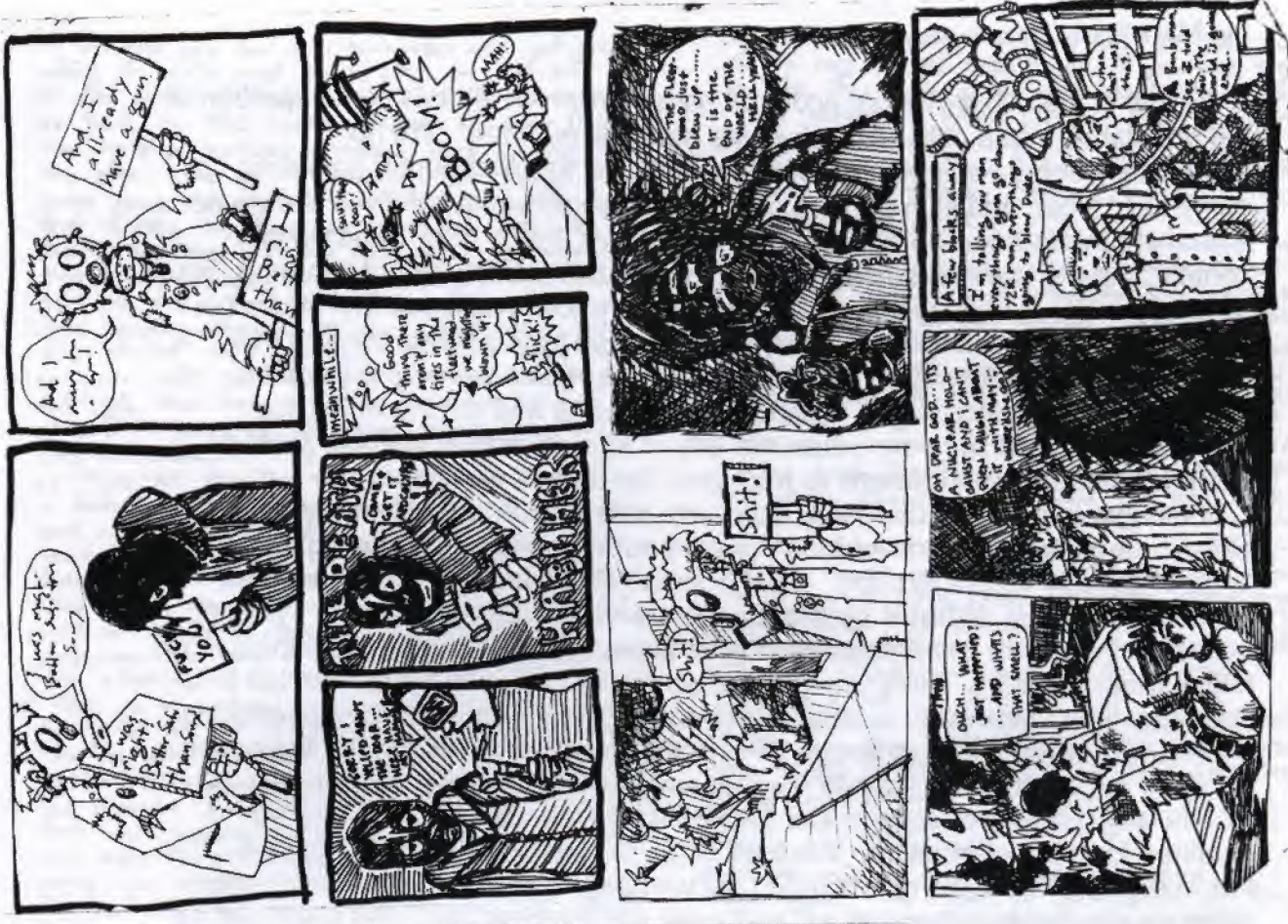
-Comics-

* Me + May + Ben

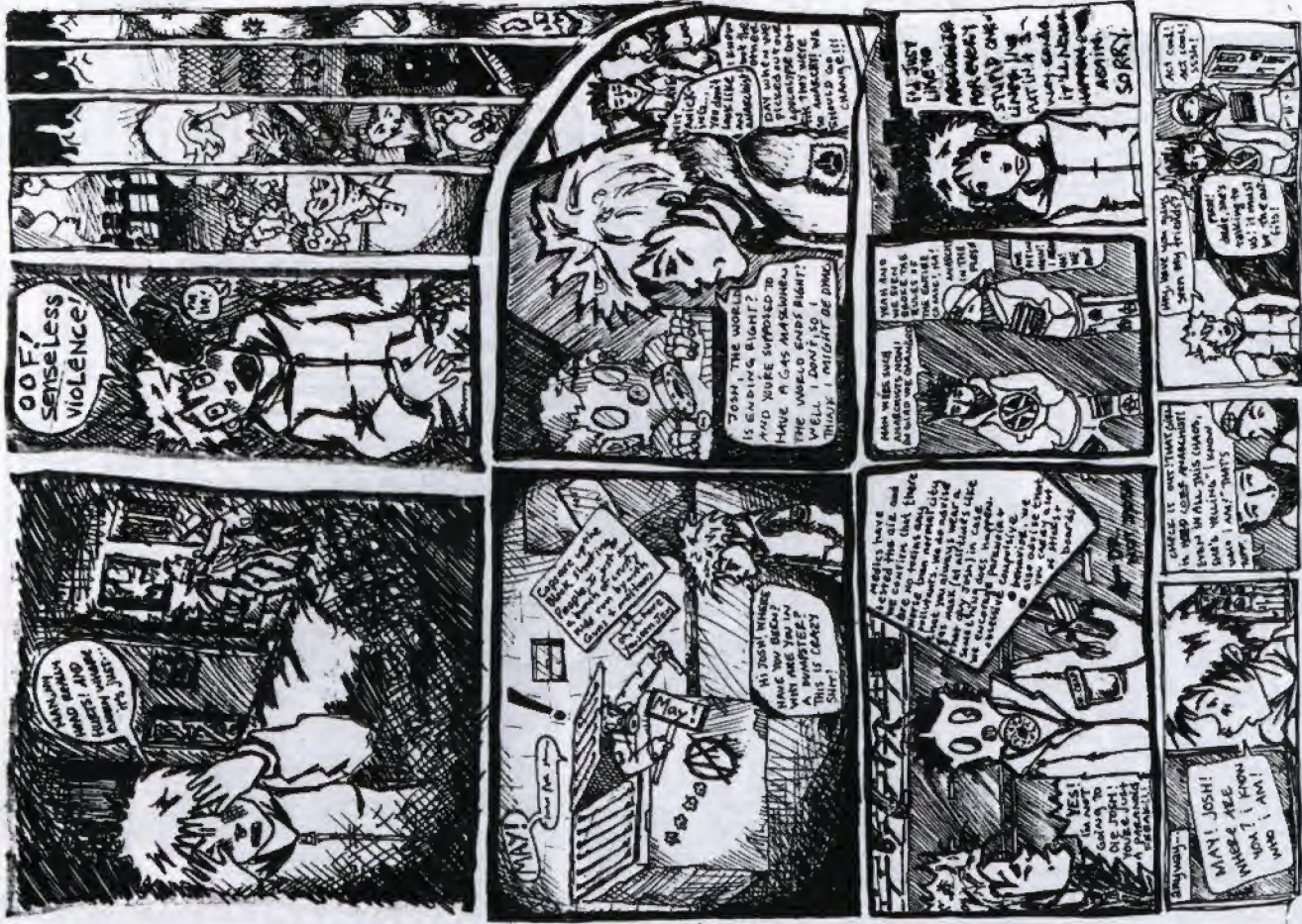
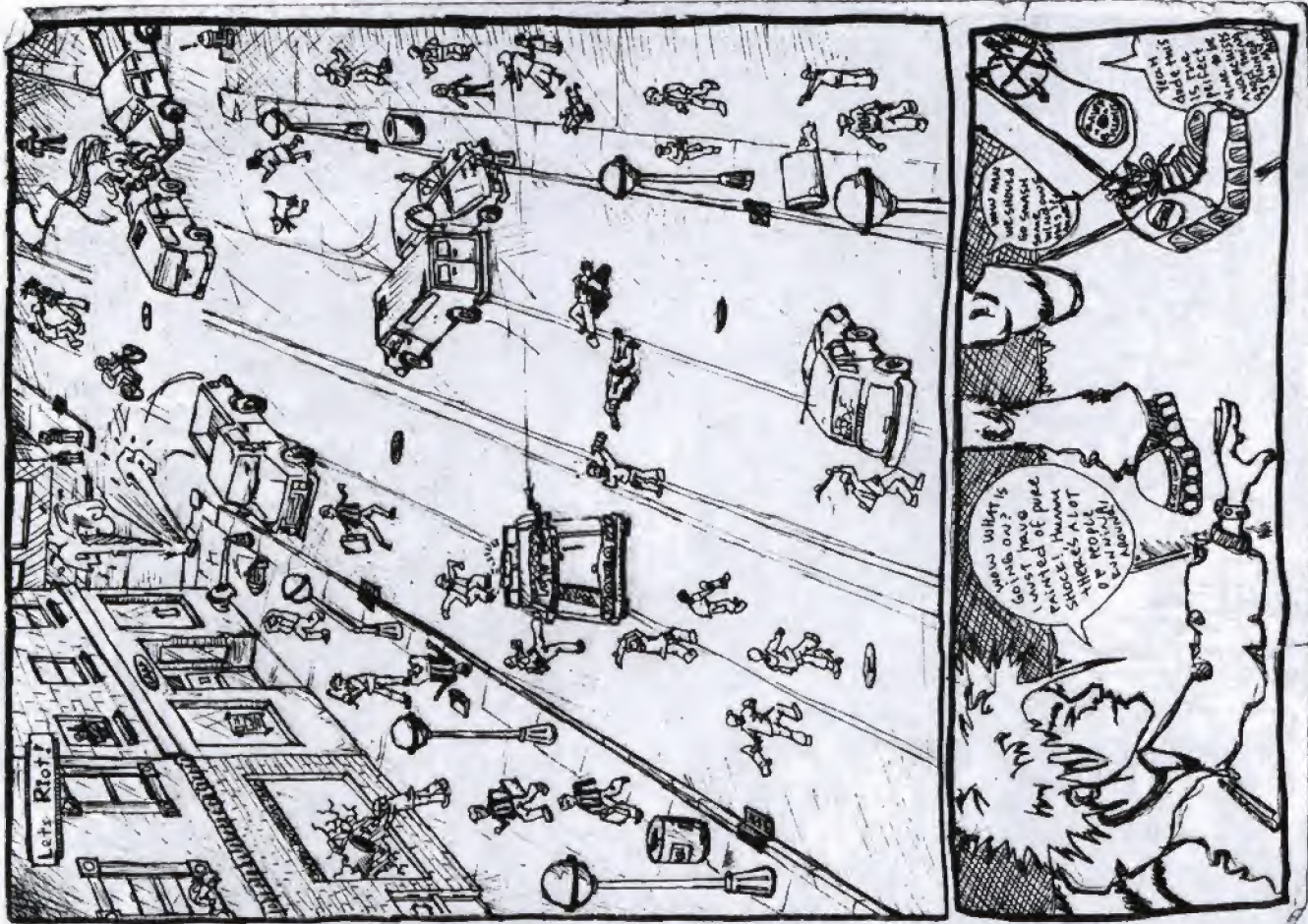
all drank alot of coffee at the Fleetwood + all drew comics. We decided to do one together but were ^(down)



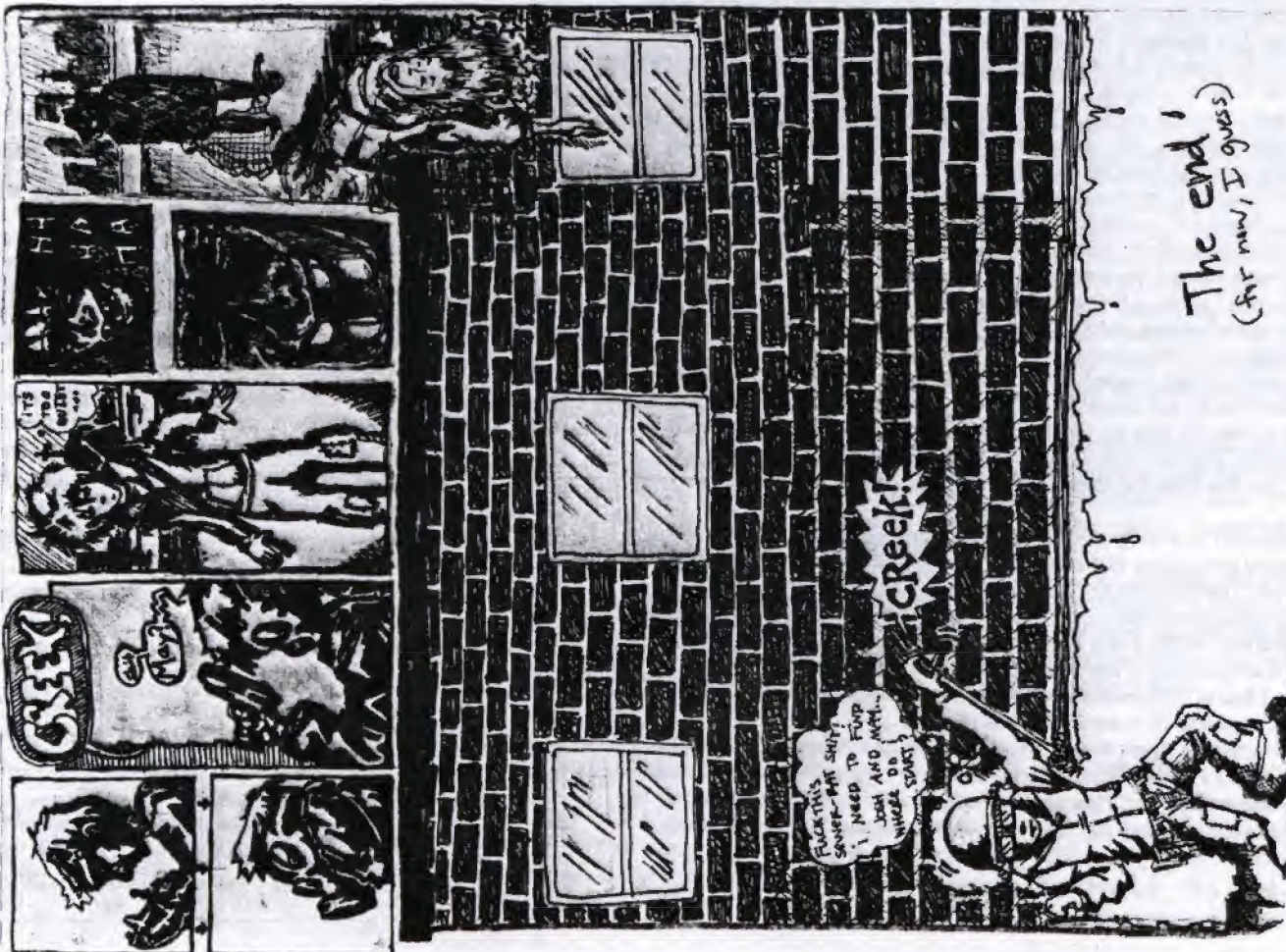
→ much to lazy to write a story ahead of time. So instead we each drew two panels (letting each artist draw them solo) and dragged the plot along slowly as we made it up on the spot. This was actually the 2nd one we'd done like this. the first was this long trip about going to alaska and was published in (all but the last two pages) in one of nates zines. → (cont. next page)



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→ (from last page) → I don't know where the original is + I can't find the zine it was in so I'm not re-publishing it (yet).
 plus I do remember that Jen lost one of the pages, so there was a gap in the story. → (next page)



(Yep, here) → never got any further for some reason. who knows maybe some day we'll pick it up again.

AROUND TOWN

The faces The graffiti artist at work

You just are listening to it and enjoying it. Also because I'd rather live outside of my house as well as inside of my house, and I also like to touch people that I don't even know. It's like me saying hi to people all

The faces. Those fascinating, happy-sad, Picasso-esque faces. They're painted in downtown alleys, on mailboxes, on Dumpsters. They're seen on the railroad train trestles above West Washington, West Huron, and Miller, on the walls of the old Schlitz beer Hard-ware, the soaped-up windows of the closed Ogle's.

The curious, ambiguous of-ferings are the work of a 17-year-old man who is not only Ann Arbor's most prolific graffiti artist but also perhaps the fastest draw in the Midwest. That's because the practice he describes as part of his "lifestyle" also happens to be a citizenship.

In a demonstration on an out-of-the-way under-block wall, his hissing spray can is a blur in the post-sunlight haze of a streetlamp. In six seconds flat—the time it takes to sneeze and blow your nose—Ann Arbor has another "face."

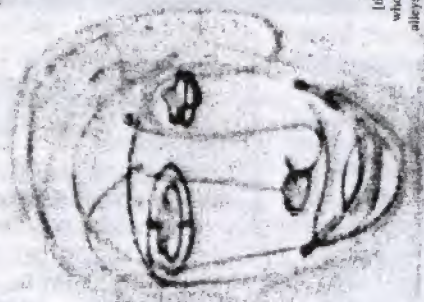
The can disappears into the marsupial pouch of the oversized sweatshirt that protrudes beneath his homemade winter coat. With well-practiced nonchalance, he walks calmly away through an invisible cloud of fumes.

Each face is unique. "I definitely see personalities in them," he says. "I just see it as a creature-person. People-creatures. The longer you look at them, the personality changes. You can just see different things, and I don't know if it's male or female."

After graduating from a local high school (where he thrived in art classes), he skipped town and college to hit the road. His faces now pe- and snore and smile from electrical boxes, windows, and walls from Boston to Seattle. In San Francisco, a Japanese magazine paid him to create a graffiti backdrop for a photo shoot of former Dead Kennedy's vocalist Jello Biafra. Who influences his work? He cites late-1970s-early-1980s New York modern artist and Warhol protégé Jean-Michel Basquiat, and in general, everyday people "with great energy."

His traveling is extensive and ongoing, but he returns "for mouths at a time" because of his Ann Arbor roots. When in town, he might head out twice a week to "tag," what catches his eye.

So why does he do it? Why just just paint in the basement? Part of it harkens back to a love of speed. "At home you have all the time in the world to do it... there's nothing to push you, there's no adrenaline, there's no rush to it. [Outside] it's like dancing. You can't think about, 'Am I moving right?'"



"I definitely see personalities in them," he says. "I just see it as a creature-person. People-creatures. The longer you look at them, the personality changes. You can just see different things, and I don't know if it's male or female."

the time when I'm not even around." He pauses in thought. "It's like having your music on the radio."

The "face guy" also designs clothes, exhibits at gallery shows, and is working on a book, although he refuses to elaborate on it. Like Basquiat, he's ambitious. He has his eyes set on mass-media world domination. "World complication," he calls it.

Although he's been doing graffiti since he was seventeen, he's never had a run-in with the law. The Ann Arbor Police, however, have arrested some of his friends. He says the punishment is a couple hundred dollars or so in fines and a heavy load of community service hours.

Perhaps because of its illegal nature, graffiti is commonly regarded as an act of

youthful rebellion. But the young man who paints the abstract faces (and occasionally animals and flowers) says he's not interested in causing trouble and does not identify himself as a rebel.

"I think definitely people relate to it that way, but I don't think about things politically at all. It's too much for me to think about being angry with people. It would disturb my work. I don't want to project that. I don't want to live that. I don't do my stuff to get back at anybody."

"I usually pick sites that are the least disturbing. Like, if I were to put it on a storefront which is operating, they'd probably want it gone as soon as possible, and they'd probably be pissed off, maybe call the cops, maybe have somebody who is in the jurisdiction position sit out there with some kind of toxic cleaner and scrub it off. I'd preferably not have to deal with any of that."

Despite his love for the pressures inherent in avoiding unwanted attention from police, he also says the ultimate thrill for him would be to have a license to paint from the city. "People tell me all the time they enjoy [the graffiti]. I love that. Give me a whole bunch of sites. There's so many alleys, there's so many bridges, there's so many garbage cans, so many places which are just totally vacant that don't look good—I would be so into doing that, but it's not going to happen."

Smokers' alley A Liberty St. mystery explained

Several times a day, a loose semicircle of smokers gathers at the mouth of the alley across from Borders. Some stand on the sidewalk next to the concrete garbage can. Others step back a few feet to lean against the shaded alley wall, nonchalantly puffing away on their Marlboros, Camel Lights, and Mild Sevens.

The impromptu club stands out on a street where most people who light up are solitary exiles from nearby offices. The mystery deepens as you pass by and hear the intimate cadences of Korean, Japanese, Spanish, Tagalog, and Farsi, alternating with English laced with off-kilter id-ioms and new vocabulary words.

The smokers are students at the Access International Business Institute, a private English-as-a-Second-Language school in the Michigan Theater building. A mix of Asians, Africans, Europeans, and Central Americans, they assemble outside break-ten classes for a much-needed break

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building falling down ↓

- yhea, yhea, you all know the story about september 2K1. Below is something I wrote a few months latter. on the side → here are copies of the fliers we put up. We taped the first ones up on the night of the 11th. A few day latter we glued more up (cuz the 1st ones were torn down) the 2nd time around we added the Comments + Criticism part, which ended up being cool. Way less got torn down. (cont. bottom next page ↓)

→ I was up early that day. I had to buy rat food before I went to work. The pet store had the radio on, that's the only reason I found out before I got to work. The announcer was saying something about fires, the pentagon, New York, and airplanes. I asked the cashier what was going on. He said something about planes crashing into buildings and car bombs, the white house was on fire as well as the pentagon and the twin towers in New York. I'm not surprised. I'm not even shocked. Not till later.

I turned the radio in my car on. One of the towers has collapsed. A plane ran in to the other there's a hole in the pentagon and a plane crash in Pennsylvania, which may or may not be related. No one seems to know anything for sure. Random reports of terrorism and Muslims who threatened to attack the u.s. in an unprecedented way. Reported cell phone calls, and senators calling it an act of war.

I get home turn on the radio. The second tower falls down. Those two buildings I thought where so cool when I was a kid don't exist anymore. 1000 miles away and I'm listening and getting ready to go to work. They're already talking about getting even, retaliation, revenge. I'm waiting to hear someone explain way they think this would happen. I know it was done for a reason, I even know part of the reason. I'm just waiting for someone on the radio to admit it.

Two months latter I'm still waiting. This is part of the reason I'm an activist, to stop things like this from happening. Not here, but all over the globe. This type of thing happens all the time. Just not here, not this close, this is a first.

The radio kept buzzing in my room. More un-official accounts, rumors, counter rumors. The white house isn't actually on fire. No car bombs. And I'm stuck thinking which side am I on. I mean I hate governments, consumerism, globalization, but this. While hating the same things I do, that doesn't make us allies. I chouse neither, or both, I chouse the human side I guess. I hear people crying on the radio, and I try to imagine flying an airplane into a building and killing yourself. Mostly, I'm sorry thing have gotten this bad, people have gotten this desperate.

My brain is moving in fast forward. I'm thinking clear but careless I sew a little american flag I have on my left shoulder, upside down of coarse. Antagonistic maybe, thoughtless. But I never get beat up, and if someone confronts me at least that will be some communication. That's all I'm thinking as I head for work. We've got to let everyone know, this was done for a reason, this has been coming for a while. We have to change now.

At my most cynical I'm a complete asshole. That day I wasn't. But neither was I passive. I challenged every thing that came spewing out of the media, talked to anyone that would hear me. Tried to keep my kindergarten class together. With every adult crying in shock or going crazy like me, they knew something was going on. It was dead outside, like at five am, except it was three in the afternoon.

I was full of energy. I think I was scared, the later it got the closer we got to war. Or that's how it felt. I had to do something to stop it. Not possible, yeah, but I felt like I had to do what I could. I had to do something. I had to move...

That energy carried me threw work, to my moms, to a t.v. where I got to match pictures with the words I'd been hearing. Reporters were saying it was Afghanistan. No proof yet. Every one wanted war, right now before we could even put the fires out. My mom's boy friend called me crazy and stormed out of the house. Her police friends

next page →

what did we do to make enemies like this?

since WWII the u.s. has been involved directly, or through weapons we've sold, or in training of military personnel in korea, bolivia, libya, vietnam, cambodia, afghanistan, iran, iraq, israel, cuba, nicaragua, el salvador, brenada, panama, kuwait, mexico, brazil and dozens more.

we can dish it out but we can't take it. is it a question of being more watchful of terrorists? or is it a question of improving foreign policy?

comments + criticism ↓

are you really shocked?

are you?

do you remember that we're still supporting an embargo in iraq, resulting in famine and disease? do you remember that just a few months ago the u.s. bombed the chinese embassy? do you remember the u.s.-backed apartheid in south africa? or the contras in nicaragua paid for by the u.s. or the u.s.-trained assassins? in colombia, brazil, mexico, peru, cuba ... do you remember arming isreal, iraq, iran, colombia, south africa and hundreds of others?

is u.s.-backed terror any worse than terrorism? what do we think of terrorism now that the u.s. is its victim?

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stopped by, said she should put up a flag, took note of mine. "Those people have no respect for life like we do." One said. My mom's house remains flag less.

I'd had enough t.v. I did some writing, found some friends, typed, printed, Kinkos, and hit the streets with fliers. Two of them, one titled "are you really shocked?" with a list of some of the shady operations the u.s. has pulled in the last fifty years. Embargos, weapon funding, trained assassins and so forth. And asked, "is it a question of being more watchful of terrorists? Or of improving foreign policy?" The other, called "what did we do to make enemies like this?" similar but this one had a list of the fifteen countries we've fought in since world war II. (There's more but we wanted to keep it short.) We taped up 200 that night. They got torn down. Two days latter I went again with someone else and put up 200 more, this time we used wheat paste.

It was a fruitless effort really. I kinda knew that before I started. But I wasn't thinking straight. I hadn't stopped to think about how little just me could do.

My energy ran out. I sunk into absolute cynicism. What was the point in anything, going to work, playing guitar, breathing. It was already decided after the second building was hit, some one was going to die for this. And everyone was for it. Except those people in the café I stopped at on Wednesday and my friends. Too little. Too little, I kept thinking. Stores and strips everywhere. I walked around, teeth grinding, fists clenched, why was everyone so stupid, what the fuck had I been doing for the last 7 years. Seattle, Washington DC, it didn't mean shit. What was the point?

Someone hit a billboard that weekend. More out of spite than hope. "In god we trust. United we stand." Is what it said. "No we don't fuckers!" was the initial reaction. It ended up saying "In ignorance we live." at the bottom. Not so mean, and a little more relevant.

I couldn't even believe the billboard went up so fast. I couldn't believe a cell phone company had a new ad. "What a better time to check up on your loved ones." They might as well have gone all the way and said, "If your ever in an airplane and it gets hijacked your gonna need a phone to call CNN." Car companies, airline, newspapers, everything jumped at the chance to get some sympathy profit. Right away too, god it was like three days and you where hit with spend, spend, spend. "You need to be informed, Buy our paper." "The economy is gonna fall apart if you don't buy the new, 2002 Ford Patriot 4x4, right now." "Time to get away for awhile. Now offering discount tickets to fucking Key West." They even raised the price of american flags.

People with Brown skin and facial hair where getting harassed, beaten up, killed. For what!, for revenge, to make the country safer. And the government was preparing for a long war in Afghanistan, "nuke em'." Was the word on the street. And after a few days the biggest thing in the paper besides the war, was 0% financing on a car you don't need. I saw an ad for the u.s. flag credit card. Show your support and spend; now you can do it at the same time. As if, as if this country's consumption of more than it's share of the worlds resources isn't at least partly responsible for this in the first place. It's so blatant; I can't believe anyone buys it, but they do. Stupid mother fuckers are out there spending for the economy, with they're brand new american flag credit cards. The president says "They hate us for our freedoms," as he sings a bill that makes freedom malleable. As they arrest thousands of Middle Eastern immigrants. I guess the message is lets take away those freedoms, then they'll stop hating us, right.

God, it's unbelievable, but it's happening. It took me almost two months to write this about any of this. I clawed my way out of being hopeless. I can play guitar again, skateboard, go see bands, but I can't even think about Afghanistan with out being at least partly numb. They have no food for the winter. They're going to be starving, and I'll be here, playing guitar on my skateboard.

I have no idea how things are going to turn out. Bad probably. But I'll give it some time. Let every one sort out every thing that's happened this fall. Activists as well as every teacher, doctor, factory worker, dishwasher, and every one else. We'll see how people are felling when some of the dust settles. I'm still hopefully apparently, otherwise I wouldn't be writing this, and you.... wouldn't be reading it either.

i will never give up.

-Josh Redd-
Dec-3-2K1

the comments box was cool. people used it + there was kinda this street debate going on along w/ the fliers. Some stuff was yer tipple angry idiot stuff + other were more intelligent. they stayed up for months that time.

X-MAS IN N.Y. "FROM 'AMERICAN PICTURES'
BY JACOB HOLDT. CHECK IT OUT."

Funky Punk

X-MAS/HANNUKUH/KWANZAA

(A PIECE OF TONGUE) YUM!
SPASM YUM!
THIS LINE IS DEDICATED TO
LOGAN, WHO LIKES SEEING
HER NAME IN PRINT.

i decided this yr. i would not buy any gifts, partly cuz i dont have any \$ but mostly cuz too many people i know have accepted the "cookie-cutter" way uv doin things. who sayz \$ buys happiness? who says u have to spend lots-o-\$ on stuff that people probably dont want anyway? whos benifittin? big greedy comany owners, thats who! they dont care about you, they dont know you, so why would they have anything u want anyway, they make things for the masses. they dont want to know u, already theyve labeled u "teenager" so now everythin they put under that label, u like, right? fuck that! the best gifts i have gotten have been the cheapest, i love it when peopel make me stuff, or just doodle me sumpthin, or share with me sumpthin really rad that they have learned or discovered or made up, that always gives me such a trip. i once got a fortune cookie sayin how you measure friends by time, not \$, and i couldnt agree any more & its always so great to see people using their right brains and bein creatif fer on the go in a society and a school system that only encourages leftbrainlogicalness which is so boring! ive learned that even tho a lot of people dont like what they get, people in general just like gettin stuff. but dont waste your \$ and buy stuff to make them wish u had just handed them the \$, give them more important things like inspiration and knowledge. 1. draw or paint sumpthin. when i wuz little, my parents always liked things i made for them over stuff i bought, i didnt realize till now how cool that wuz. 2. make other stuff, like "crafts" only that sounds like cheezeball art. 3. go to "used" stores-lotsa nifty stuff, for a buck! 4. give food, and coffee. give fruit. im serious. fruit is the raddest thing since honey. especially, to people you totally dont know at all. 5. buy or find bizarre ~~stuff~~ ^{stuff}, like duck tape, bean-o, a spatula. they might get a kick outta it, but u shoul' probably say, "i bought dis for u" hehhehheh. Ok, y, keeds, thats my list, i hope ive reminded u that jes cuz sum greedy bastards have fucked up the end uv december, u can still have fun w/it, keep cheap & dont let all the b.s. get to ya, jes be real and cool and have a funky punk xmas break. (hay, why doesnt someone make huron hats over break. by the carloads. sell them. hehhehheh) w/out- bec.

NEW YORK IS AN UNHUMAN, COLD CITY. YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH the alienation, or be destroyed. In my journey I always try to go the whole way with people I get attached to, but in New York again and again I must break off with people prematurely and thus abandon the human connection that has arisen between us. I have experienced it most strongly this Christmas, which was even more intense than last year when I was held up by three Puerto Ricans on Fourth Street on Christmas Eve. This year I had just hitch-hiked in from Alabama, but couldn't find any of my friends and ended up on the street down in the Bowery on Christmas Eve. I got to talking with a bum who had lighted a fire to keep warm. He must have been a bum for a long time, for his curly hair was all in knots which could not possibly be combed out. We soon became good friends. He was one of those bums who can talk; the worst are the bums who can only communicate through the eyes. As we were sitting there talking, it naturally occurred to us that it was Christmas Eve, and we became more and more sentimental, and when we exchanged memories of our childhood Christmas Eves it wasn't just the smoke from the fire which brought tears to our eyes. He had been married, had children, and had actually been quite happy, he thought now, but had suddenly become unemployed, after which his family started to disintegrate and he became an alcoholic. We sat and shared a flask and gradually became rather drunk. A crazy guy started throwing bottles at us which smashed against the wall next to us. At last it became too much for my friend and he took a piece of burning wood and beat the guy until he disappeared. Whenever I have drunk heavily with bums they have fallen asleep first, even though we have been drinking the same amount. And he, too, fell asleep around ten or eleven p.m.. I wondered a bit whether I should stay and keep watch over him, since we had become good friends. I have so often seen poor black and Puerto Rican housewives with children and shopping bags walk over and trample on dead-drunk bums or kick them and afterwards quickly continue home to the pot and pans - a manifestation of their own self-hatred or lack of self-esteem. . . .

HELLO... SHE SAYS... DON'T BE SAD
HAVE A FLOWER...

Disposable society has thrown away the best in me.
It's thrown away sincerity,
the keystone of integrity.

Disposable to throw away,
buy something new another day.

There is nothing made that's made to stay.

Planned obsolescence will make you pay:
paper plates, cardboard skates, plastic silverware,
automobiles with disposable wheels,
wigs instead of hair, that's how it is.

Disposable the way you love,
not exactly what you're thinking of.

Dispose of me when you are through
for fear that I'll dispose of you.

Disposable your closest friend,
you're supposed to love right to the end.

Your rigid mind won't let you bend.

You're further gone than you pretend...
PEACE
OUT

SEXISM IS THE PRODUCT OF IMPOSED VALUES



Your ideas are not always respected because you don't have a penis • Don't be open and outgoing or you are a slut and a whore, Don't be confident and honest or you are a bitch and unfeminine • And you spend your free time making yourself appealing to those who demean you • Freedom is a danger to your well-being • You are scared of being alone and afraid of the dark • You cannot trust that your body will not be penetrated against your will • You do not know that your scream will be heard

THERE IS NO
FREE
IN A
SEXIST
LOVE
SOCIETY

FIGHT BACK

406 WINNIE'S 1994 GART OF FAIR FIVE BUCANE



↑ This is from the Detroit Turnbull Theater collectives
Holliday (ish) card.
→ this is the 4th part of a booklet I've had around for
the last ten years or so. It contains on the next
two pages, re-print it, if you want. I don't know who wrote it.
But I pretty sure Bec gave it to me

Freedom.

The achievement of womyn's liberation and a genuinely free society is a long-term struggle. Many involved in this struggle over the years have faced surveillance and repression at the hands of the police and the FBI. The state security forces defend their patriarchal structure with violence and prevent the emergence of movements of self-determination. Both the government and right-wing forces use cameras to identify individuals for prosecution and to prevent the development of a revolutionary movement. To counter this, we cover our faces and encourage others to do the same so that we may all remain free to fight for the chance to determine our own lives. It's time to push back to not only resist any more restrictions that the government wants to place upon us, but to work to destroy the existing ones. Fighting for womyn's control of their sexuality is just the beginning of the fight for each of us.



PRO-CHOICE IS NOT ENOUGH

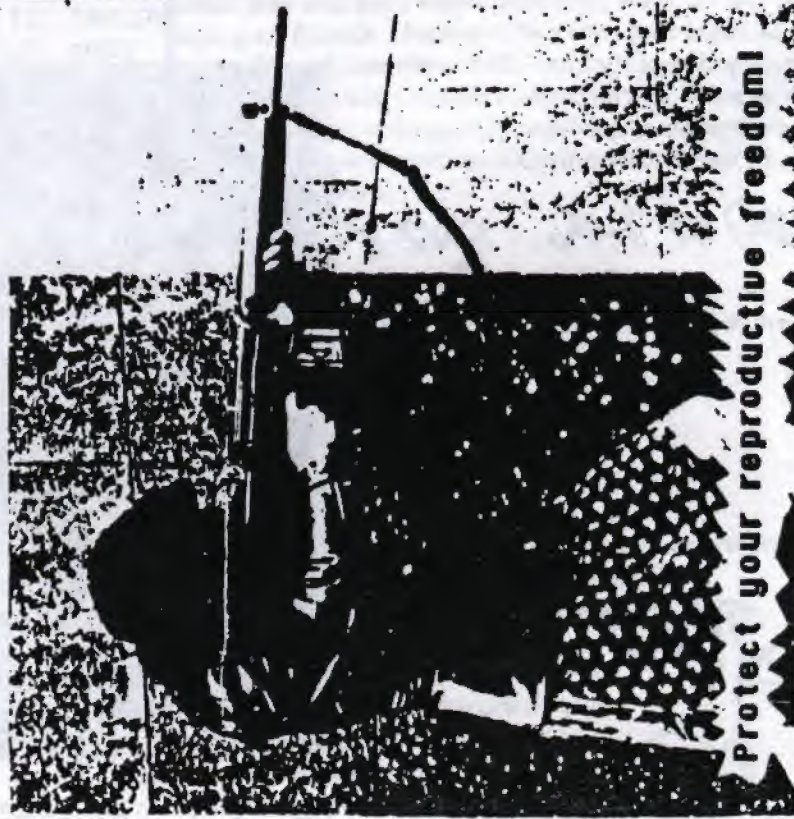


Keep Abortion Legal?

Many people in this country think that the battle for womyn's control of their bodies and lives is being fought in Washington D.C. They think that by casting a pro-choice vote, or signing a petition, or registering more pro-choice voters, they are helping womyn control their bodies. Yet empowering a group of mostly straight, rich, white men to make decisions about the bodies of over half the U.S.'s population, is not encouraging womyn's self-determination or reproductive freedom. Likewise, having a "pro-choice" president is not cause for celebration or relaxation, as 80% of U.S. counties currently have no abortion provider and anti-choicers have stepped up their attempts to restrict access. Now is not the time to let down our guards or trust in leaders who act more towards their self-interests, especially when womyn's lives are at stake.

Patriarchy.

Most womyn's and pro-choice groups are rallying around enacting legislation and protecting abortion "rights". Attention has been focused on reproductive freedom, instead of the domination of womyn's lives. Right-wing forces have narrowed the issues in an attempt to control the realm of debate. While they launch their attack on freedom of choice, they are in fact defending a patriarchal system which perceives any development towards womyn's liberation as being a serious threat. The contradictions of "pro-life" (being also pro-war, pro-capital punishment, anti-gay, anti-sex, and anti-womyn) become



Protect your reproductive freedom!

STOLEN BY the 4/20C 1994 (F)ART/INTAIR C. von W. made. B.A.D.



appallingly apparent when it is revealed as promoting a patriarchal system, where men unproportionally hold both privilege & power, and dominate both nature and society through violence. The reactionary adherence to "traditional christian family values", where womyn are expected to be baby-producing submissive kitchen-slaves, is in fact a program for oppression of others who do not conform to their white christian heterosexual male ideology.

Reaction.

The anti-choice forces have developed a massive movement that has put womyn's freedoms in serious danger. This is partly due to people's passivity and a mistaken trust in the state. The amount of clinic, patient, and doctor harassment in this country is immense. Access for many, particularly poor, womyn is already denied. North Dakota is one clinic away from being the first abortion-free state thanks to a minority of uptight fundamentalist christians. Through blockades, vandalism, harassment, bombings, and other methods including violence towards people, the anti-choice movement is threatening to stop abortion before the state does. Their militant actions are making a difference.

Self-Determination.

In order for womyn to obtain genuine freedom--which can only happen in a society free of domination--we must not only destroy patriarchy and the hierarchies it produces, but create alternative communities and relationships based upon mutual aid and cooperation. We must claim the power to determine our own lives, not only in the streets, but in our organizing efforts and our daily lives. Womyn must take healthcare into their own hands. Sexism, misogyny, and male domination must be countered on all levels, challenged by men as well as womyn. The intense anti-womyn and anti-sex sentiments that are rampant in this country need to be destroyed once and for all. And we can't rely on the state and its officials to do it for us.



**TAKING
POWER**

**FIGHTING
BACK**



**NO
MEANS
NO!**

Militancy.

It is not by being polite, pandering to the media, demonstrating peacefully, or voting that we will obtain self-determination. In order to get control, we must take control. Actions speak louder than words and votes. The womyn's movement has been restricted to defending against the anti-choice fanatics. It is time for us to go on the offensive. We need to overwhelm them in numbers and militancy. We must target the anti-choice forces, their right-wing allies, and the government that supports them. Many of us may choose to express our rage in creative ways. As part of our strategy we may destroy "private property" or engage in actions deemed "unlawful" by the state. Some people mistakenly call this "violence". Rape is violent. Beating womyn is violent. Back-alley abortions are violent. Hate crimes against lesbians and gays are violent. Does property have a higher value than human life? Creativity, disruption, and destruction are acts of resistance.



WE DEMAND CHOICE!

HASH BASH GUIDE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

most of us ann arbor snobs hate the huge crowds
at hash bash after

about an hour or so

but this year i learned

how to use them for

my own amusement.

i missed the speech but

made it downtown feelin

good, smilin like the

cheshire cat at anyone

i knew or wanted to,

jumping around crazily

popping out polaroid

pictures with so much

energy escaping

breeding energy in others

everything flowing and

falling into place every

thing good and

wicked makin

sense together

and what didnt

make sense was,

even more wonder

ful somehow.

It was a good

day to run, yel

ing thru the

crowds with

vanessa in tow

biting the pot-

scented air and

later jamping

at fausto's as

the rain turned

to snow and the

crowds dissappeared.



VANESSA ON THE SLY AND BEAT
IN THE BACKGROUND, WORKIN'
HIS CONGA.



BECK AND JEN ON THE IR WAY
TO FLEETWOOD, LOOKIN ALL SLICK
AND READY FOR ACTION.



entertaining pictures

BUT HERES THE PART ABOUT THE UNEMPLOYED: THATS ME. IM UNEMPLOYED,
SO I TURNED MY POCKETS INSIDE OUT AND CAME UP WITH A PLAN - WELL, MORE
OR LESS. LOOKING OUT ON THE GREAT EXPANSE OF PEOPLE, I WONDERED WHAT
COULD BE DONE. WITH SCAMMIN MINDS WE SET FORTH SCHEMIN. WE FOUND THIS HUGE BOX
AND RAN AROUND COLLECTING CANS. NOT REALLY BELIEVING HOW MANY WE
HAD, 2-YA AND VANESSA WASHED EM OUT AND COUNTED THEM, IT WAS \$14!! WOW
WE'D HIT IT RICH! THEN BRENDAN AND I SET UP A SIGN THAT SAID "STARVING
ARTISTS-WILL DO PORTRAITS FOR 2.00". BRENDAN GOT THE FREAKS, ONE GUY WAS TRIPPIN
AND SAYIN ALL THIS CRAZY STUFF, THE ONE GUY I DREW HIT ON ME AND WANTED
ME TO MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE JAMES DEAN. YUK! BUT WHO CARES, WE HAD A CRAZY
PLAN, JUMPED IN WITH BOTH FEET, AND EACH GOT \$5! YEAH, WE BATTLED HASH-BASH, AND WON!

WARNING: Do not even attempt to read this if you have major problems with spelling + grammar. I've been so stressed out that I wasn't going to do a tour this issue. But then a bunch of people told me how much they like it so, I did one in a hurry. and then to make matters worse I lost my pen half way through + had to use a crappy one. -sorry.

Josh Redd's

Summer

Tour

2004

-of Ann Arbor-

eh, I walk around alot. All year round cuz I like the place I live. I enjoy the little paths + bridges and it's alot more fun than watching another fucking movie. Too many times I mention a bridge or path or park and find out no one knows what I'm talking about. I've taken people on walking tours, but below is a self guided tour. take it, enjoy yourself. Or Don't and go watch T.V.

* Alright so, I've hidden a 6-pack + 2 40oz's on this walk. You don't need to drink to make this fun, but if you want to and you pay attention you can. It's cheap shitty beer but that's what summers all about right.

- starting at the Fleetwood (corner of Ashley + Liberty) walk west. (Down the hill) untill you hit the rail road tracks. Turn right. On your left look up + notice the bill boards that aren't lit at night + are fairly easy to climb up. Sometime people change them. When Bush was running last time someone painted a huge swastika next to his name. From the ground you couldn't tell it wasn't speed to be there. After you cross one street if you look left you can see where the old "perf net" used to be. Lots of history that I won't get into now. You can see them building the new YMCA. Jump the fence + sabotage it. Keep walking. After you cross the next street turn left after the bridge + walk down to the street. Notice the mailbox and the steps leading from the street to the tracks. When you get to the ~~the~~ street go right + walk for a block then turn right at the next street. Walk half a block then cut into the park on your left.

- once in the park you'll see a basketball court. We play punk basket ball here every tuesday at 8:00pm. No athletic ability, no problem. To the right of the court is the bathrooms, walk past those and around the baseball field. You'll see a huge wood staircase on the right go up it.

- when you get to the top turn left at the

street. Keep walking untill you hit a stop light. After the light take the next right. Walk untill the road curves and ~~then~~ you see a church in front of you. I don't know if the church was here before the road or if it was just a curvy road + they built a church there, but the road curves around the church. You don't have to cut through the parking lot or behind it by the dumpsters and keep walking down that street. It curves slightly to the left but stay on it. Follow it about 5 blocks. You have to look at the street sign. Take a right on Pomona. Walk a bit, on your right is the AZ water treatment plant. At the dead end go right. Your walking in a very expensive neighborhood. At the next street go right. There's two streets on the right. One's at 90° angle the others more like a 45° angle take the 90° one (or the left most, right turn) walk a bit at the next street go left. After you pass 2 streets look on your left. There's a house that covered in dirt. It's got trees + shit growing on the roof + people still live there. They built a hobbit house. The address is 1016 if you are having a hard time finding it. Walk passed 3 streets one on the right, one on the left, on the 3rd street turn left. Walk one block + make another left. Walk untill you hit a stop sign turn left, then take the next right. You walk down this hill + it goes under the highway. (this bridge is lacking mart). Right after the bridge on your right is a park, you're going to go in there. But first, a little past

the park on your left is an entrance to Bird hills which is a really nice wooded area. If you follow the road past the park + Bird hills, it curves right and dead ends. There are about 5 houses here. I like to think that it's some hidden community, surrounded by woods + the highway but it's probably just yuppies. Go back to the park and follow the trail.

= You'll follow the trail for about 5-10 min. and it ends on a street. Go left. Just a bit down, the road takes a sharp curve to your left, on your right is a hard to find path that goes into the woods. It's a little more than halfway through the curve. If the road straightens out and you haven't found it turn around + look again. You'll see it eventually. (This curve is really dangerous. A lot of people crash here so look for cars in the woods. If you need to get to a phone go back towards the park but stay on the road, you end up on North Main st. where you should be able to flag some one down.)

= Back at the path. About 20 feet in there a creek with beavers over it. After that it's about 100 yards of woods. It's very dark so just walk slow if you don't have a light. You come out on the rail road tracks. Go right toward the highway bridge. This is a main location of Generator shows. Also good tags on your right and good stereotypes on your left, nice respect going on here. Take the tracks till you hit a road, then left.

= Follow the road. After a bit you'll see the river on your right and some boat docks.

This place is pretty much abandoned at night.

If you follow the road back it ends at a field. It's kinda a nice field. We had a

Generator show here once at the first punkweek but it got busted. Turn around + head back to the rail road tracks, but when you get to them go past untill you hit another road turn left. Walk untill you see a train bridge that goes over the road you're on. The start looking for some old unused rail road tracks that cut across the street you're on. They are before the train bridge. When you see them follow them to the right. It looks they go into a dense forest but once inside it opens up a bit. Kinda like a tunnel made of trees,

We had Punkweek 2 opening day pot luck here. It comes out of the woods and meets up with some other tracks (the ones that go over the bridge) keep walking in the same direction. When you hit a street look to your right. That old yellowish/brown house on the corner there. You can get in through the cler door and it's just empty on the inside. no floors or walls, nothing. Just the four outside walls + the roof. I've thought about squatting it, or better yet buying it, someone should. From the tracks turn left (down the hill) at the light look left. Not the first house but the second one is the Bad Idea (where we make this stupid zine). Turn right and start heading up the hill.

= First look on your right side. That white house on the corner across from the party store. That the Rock Band school. It used to be at the Tech center (old perf net) but moved here after everyone got kicked out. It's cool they teach kids how to play in a band + how to write songs. It's pretty cool to walk by + here 10-15 year old kids playing together. Keep walking up the hill. Right after the Rock Band school on your right is where the city keeps their garbage trucks and the gas station that the cops use to fill up their cars. After that on the same side of the street is the community center. I went to a few shows there a while ago. It'd probly be pretty easy to book there if you dress nice when you go ask them. They do some cool stuff and are pretty cool. The next house on the same side of the street is where I used to live and before me (if you care about famous people) Jason from the Von Bondies used to live there also.

This house is built out of the A² Jails bricks. next door to that is an empty store front. It used to be a guitar store called "Boss guitars" but they moved to detroit. You can see on the north wall and old Vernors advertisement from when it used to be a corner/grocery store. Interesting thing I learned, when the mad who bought the Bad Idea originally in 1914 was looking a house and had to pick between the Bad Idea + this one. He picked the Bad Idea while this one was bought by Mr. McCoy + still owned by that family. Keep walking, at the light on the left is the A² history museum

which could almost be cool, but I've never been there. Keep walking past the next two stop lights, at the third one look to your left ~~at~~ the court house. The court house has been in this spot forever. It's in the books that the city can't move it anywhere else. They couldn't even move things temporarily when they wanted to knock down the old one + build the one that's here now. Instead they added on a new section moved everything there then knocked down the old courthouse, built the new one and moved everything back. Apparently it's o.k. for the city to break their own laws but not for me to break theirs. Kiddy corner to the court house is a bank, only interesting if you look at the top floor. It wasn't built with that floor. Years after it was done they added a new floor on the roof. I have no idea why they didn't make it look the same. A little farther down you can still see the office supply store. Relic of the fiftys. Used to be one of the only places down town that you could buy useful stuff but it closed down a few years ago. It was the last old store to go on main street. Broke out Lucky drugs (corner of Liberty + main) by a few years, and the hardware store next to the Fleetwood by about ten. The pharmacy on State st. closed its doors around the same time, now there really is no way to buy useful things (tools, grocery, staples) down town at all. Walk two more lights then turn right. Throw a brick at the new Starbucks, then walk to the next light ~~at~~ at the Fleetwood. Don't cross the street yet.

Look to your right. The bar on the corner "The old town" has been a bar for ever at least as old as that building + I think I heard it was a bar before that too. It wasn't always called the old town though. Now look to your left. That Futon store didn't used to be there. I was just an empty lot. There is the cobble stone planter in front of the Futon store. Go look at the corner of the planter. There's a memorial there. The story goes that there used to be a Pig Farmer who lived outside of town. He'd come into town + go drink at the bar across the street get a drunk, stagger across the street to his pick-up truck and pass out. He'd wake up in the morning + go back to his

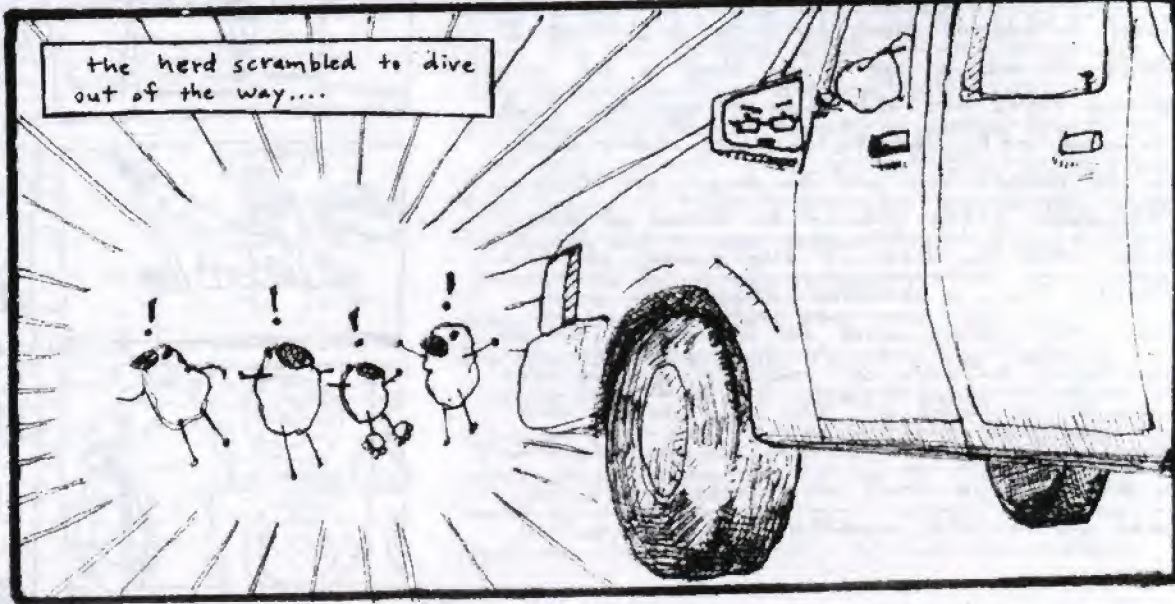
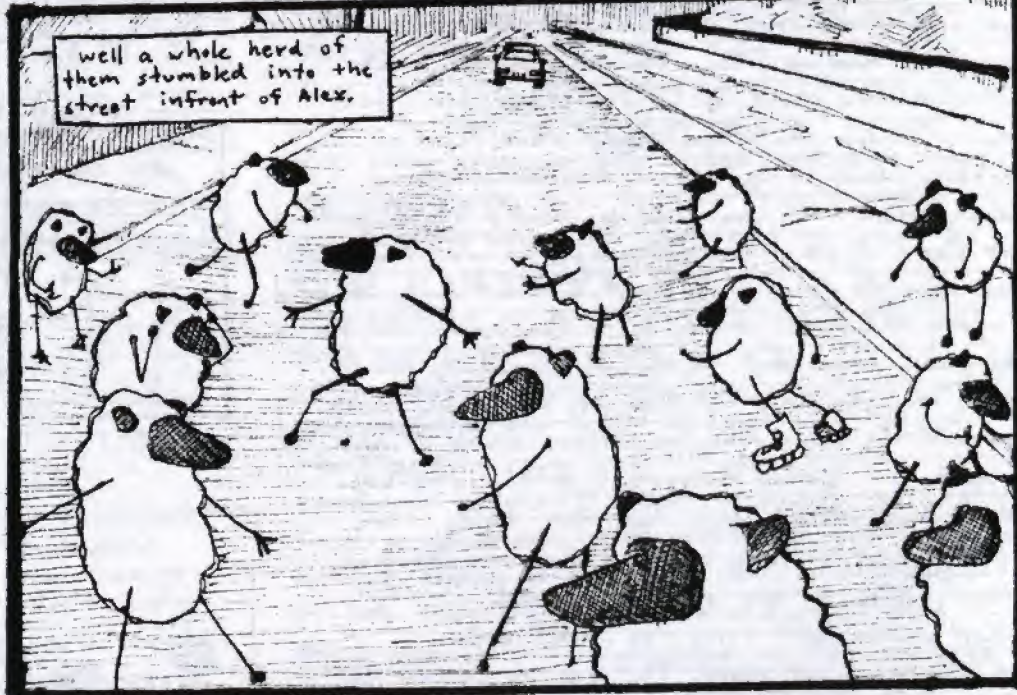
farm. He was a big fuckin' guy. Not too bright but every body liked him. Often he'd defend women that were being fucked with by their boyfriends or just assholes at the bar. "Excuse me Ma'am, is this guy bothering you?" He'd say. Then he'd ask the guy to leave. If that didn't work, like I said he was a big guy, they'd leave anyway. One night while the pig farmer was drinking, one of the guys he'd pissed off sat out side the bar waiting. As the farmer left the bar to fall asleep in his truck, that guy walked up behind him, put a gun to his side and shot him in the heart. He died instantly right there in the street. His memorial is still there.

cross the street to the Fleetwood, or just go home. The End.

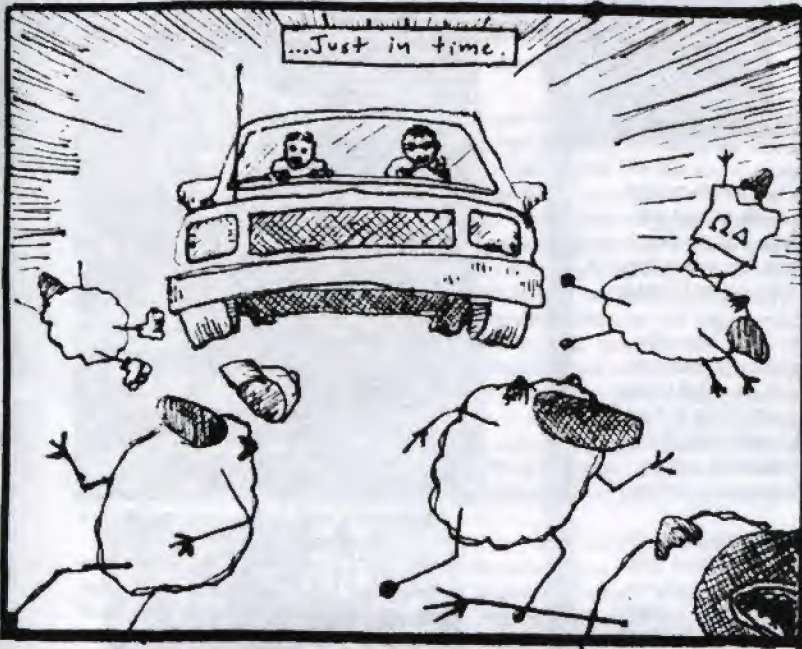
* JOSH DOES LAUNDRIES *



A true story Jason told me from the fall 98'-99'-00's (I can't remember)



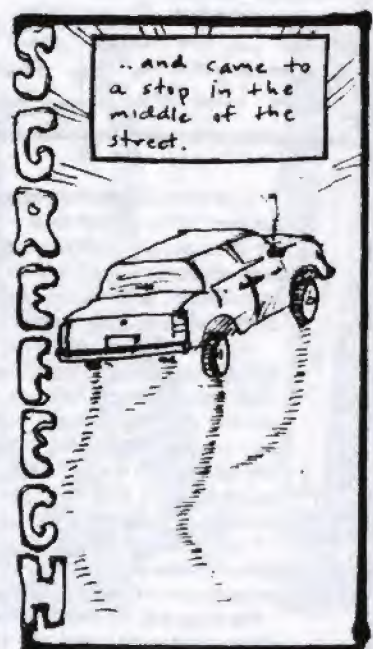
...Just in time.



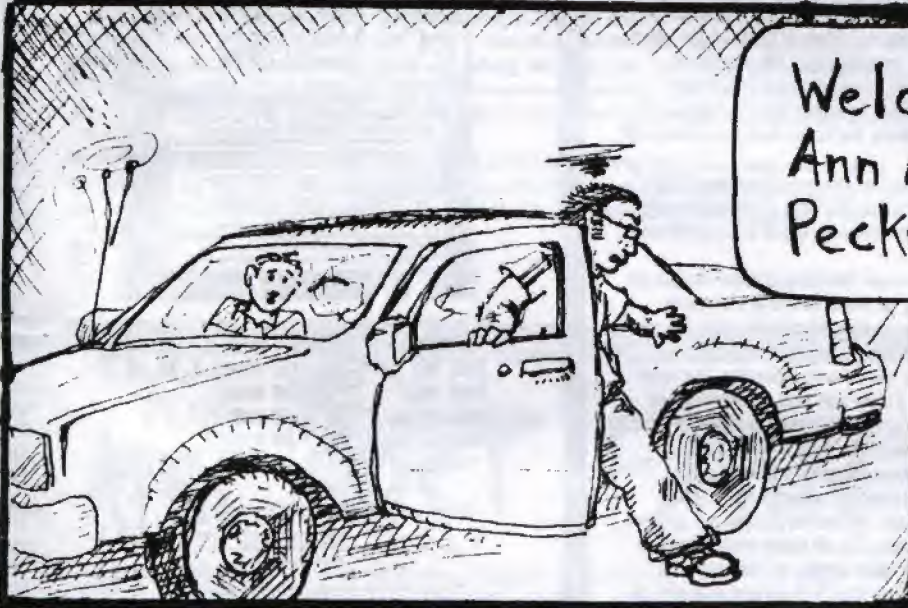
Alex hit the breaks...



...and came to a stop in the middle of the street.



Welcome to
Ann Arbor
Pecker heads!



Get out of my town!!



Except for you.
You can stay!



THE END.

-re printed from the zine "Trouble in mind" Eric asked me to write about preaching to the converted. I was trying to say that alot of times alot of people who are "converted" arn't really.

Ever since Martin Sorrondeguy came out onstage during a Los Crudos tour I've come to realize just how far the general mass of punk/hardcore kids are from converted. I mean, it can be said that for the most part, every issue punk started in the 80's, is generally accepted by the punks who've been around for a few years. As long as one stays within certain parameters. Issues like anti-racism, animal rights, anti-war, sexism, anti-corporate media, even homophobia, have almost been talked to death. Talked to death, almost, but the punks still don't act the way they talk.

With the Crudos tour, Martin the lead singer coming out to the crowd at every show, that really fucked with people. This was late 90's, during the height of the wind breaker youth crew hardcore. The words were there for every one to sing along with, but when the singer actually says that he has sex with men, well, that was a little too close for some of those kids. I wasn't actually there so I can't say I saw the reactions, but in San Francisco I met Kim Bae who'd just finished touring with them. She talked about it a lot. My favorite quote she repeated was, one kid turning to his buddy and saying, "I don't think I'll ever be able to listen to them the same way again." Homophobia was very prevalent in the late 90's punk community.

It still is as well as all the other things we've supposedly been beating a dead horse over. Women and minorities are still too far in the background, bands still sign to majors, kids still don't eat vegan, and even a lot of the anti-usa sentiment disappeared after those buildings fell down a few years ago.

The thing with the punk/hardcore movement is that it's always primarily teenagers. There's nearly always a kid in the crowd who has never heard any of the things kids in their 20's and 30's think are a mute point by now. My friend Elinore and I bonded when, at a bar someone said, that punk was useless as a counter culture now, and that hip-hop was far more relevant. Me and Elinore, both singers in punk bands who also, both were saved by punk rock, disagreed. Even if most of the ideas in punk rock were irrelevant to punks, someone gotta save the kids the same way all of us were saved before. Aside from that, something really bothers me when one form of music is deemed radical while another is put off as white-guilt angry suburbanites. Since basically the message is the same and aside from the physical sound and aesthetic of the performers, the main difference between to two, is skin color.

I'm pretty much talking about music so far, but being that so many of the punk/hardcore folks are also activist And being that I know the kind of people who read zines like this, it should be easy to understand if from here on out, when I refer to activist I'm talking about the punk influenced ones. And vice versa.

Activists have been likewise criticized for preaching to the converted. Holding demos/workshops where the people attending are mostly in agreement already. Setting up book stores or co-ops or whatever in the middle of a city, but somehow not having any affect on the surrounding city, except for the people who are already in the know. Activist will set up info shops, or bike repair shops in the middle of a poor neighborhood with an earnest desire to connect with the community. But have you ever been there when someone from the community shows up. Every one gets all freaked out thinking that they're going to get asked for change, or assuming the person who just walked in is lost. Rarely is there much of an attempt to cross those pesky social barriers. And this isn't always true there are some spaces that do a great job, but mostly it seems like everyone is always trying to avoid the crack heads, but you know what, they come with the community. I've seen it countless times where people who aren't part of the group get kicked to the curb. Homeless people get ignored in SF's food not bombs, the ten year olds on bikes never did figure out why all those white guys on bikes rode threw their neighborhood in St.Louis. See there is always open invites to this political such and such but hardly anybody ever let in. Like a secrete clubhouse that will let any one play as long as they figure out the password. And the problem with activist and their clubhouses is that I don't think they really want any body to come in if they're not already part of the club. I think, part of that problem has to do with who punks inherently are as social beings. You know, we spend so much time rejecting things, either people or ideas or lifestyles that we've already put up these huge barriers between us and everyone else. Not that, that isn't a understandable response, because most of us were rejected by the kind of mainstream idioms first. After that it was easy to let go and say, forget it I don't wanna be part of that game anyway. We were never good at sports so we begin to take power in the fact that we were pansys. In that sense masculinity rejected us first, we just went with it. It's not just sports either; there are countless things in this country that we decided never to buy into. I'm not trying to defend Hollywood moves, or anti-pansies, I'm just saying that so much of the physiology of punk is self defense. We intestinally separate ourselves with the way we dress, the music we make, and the things we believe. So when we talk about activists, even when we're trying to organize, you know, the average American. We don't or can't, because there is already to much underlining mistrust. We can brag about riding freight trains all over the place and living for free and seeing more of this country, the "real" parts, that tourist don't see. But since every punk scene is essentially the same in every city no matter where you go it's not much different than where you left. Our Ramada Inn is the nearest squat or show space, our McDonalds is the nearest bagel dumpster. Not that it's entirely comparable, a big mac's the same every where, whereas the free food in Minneapolis is way different than the free food in Chattanooga. But it's interesting how rarely we step outside of the social circle we work and live in.

At one of the big anti-globalist protests a few years back I remember someone making a joke about how cool it would be to get a bunch of people to dress in suits and carry briefcases at the protest. We thought it'd be a funny way to mess with people's ideas about who a protester is. And who knows maybe actual business men might come out and march with us, seeing that we're not weirdos they might have an easier time identifying with the issues.

cont. next page →

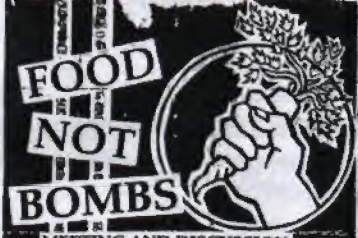
MEET FOOD NOT BOMBS ANN ARBOR

Food Not Bombs groups around the world are trying to help hungry people and end hunger. We're trying to say that alot of times alot of people who are "converted" arn't really.

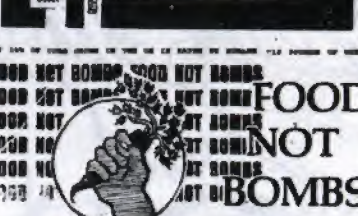


Food Not Bombs is a national not-for-profit organization that uses good food (donated from local businesses) that would otherwise be wasted. We prepare the food and serve it in a public area to anyone who is hungry.

Food Not Bombs is a not-for-profit group that cooks and distributes food and serves it in a public place to anyone who is hungry. In order to highlight the links between poverty and our wasteful consumer society, it's also a fun way to build community and pass out The Powers That Be. Organizing committees are now forming... COME SEE WHAT WE'RE UP TO AT OUR FIRST OFFICIAL MEETING: WEDNESDAY MAY 26, 7:30 PM, at 254 S. SECOND ST. (between William and Liberty) ANN ARBOR. For more information, or to arrange transportation, please call sheet at 933-0066 or e-mail shortcity@foodnotbombs.org. And hey, we're vegetarians... we promise we won't bite!



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old F.N.B. Flyers

Preaching to the converted cart.

Weeks latter that conversation was still on my mind. I kept thinking what if we weren't weirdos. What if the people who had a hard time seeing how important the issues we talk about are, didn't first have to get over the fact that our dreadlock scared them. We talk about change as if it affect every one, and how the struggles we fight should be for everybody and how we all have to work together, but we separate ourselves at the get go. How much energy do we spend just trying to get people to take us seriously? And I'm not trying to say that the way we look is fucked up or that the fight to be accepted for being an individual isn't worth fighting. I'm just curious about how worthwhile that fight is when talking in a global level. If you paid any attention to the mainstream media when the anti-war protest were happening earlier this year you might remember how much the press went on about there being thousands of "regular" people in the streets.

Here in ann arbor I couldn't believe, it there were all the activist you see at that kind of demo but they were vastly out numbered by.... yuppies. It was a pretty good demographic of the people who live here too. Albeit the minorities in the city were under represented. But all in all there was a tremendous amount of diversity amongst class and social groups. And it's cool because that's what activist groups have been trying to accomplish for a long time. That's what blew every one away in Seattle. Union members with families nest to punk anarchist. That's one of the goals, to bridge that gap, and until recently it hasn't worked so well.

I had the privy in ann arbor to watch the anti-war movement grow from a dozen people on the steeps of the federal building to hundreds in the streets a year latter. The thing that stuck me was the lack of "us" (the punks) at the protests in the beginning. I mean not one piercing. What the fuck? And then look at how it grew and how many "regular" folks came out on the streets. It may just have been that the streets would have had the same numbers anyway, but I can't help but wonder how hard it could have been for those people to come out, if initially the protesters had been punk. It's hard enough to get people active, but harder still to first get them to re-evaluate their prejudices against strange looking kids and then join us. And it's lame to think that a more productive way to organize might involve dumbing down something we value, but, how much do we want to engage in the people outside of our social circles. We have to meet on some common ground. They out number us, but we expect them to progress to our level of understanding. Maybe we need to try to meet theirs.

We spend so much time asking other people to change the way they live. Stop eating meat, watching t.v., buying useless crap, stop driving cars. Those sacrifices have become part of our life style there no longer really a sacrifice. So there's this question I keep asking myself. What is it that we are willing to sacrifice?



this flier is from a zin
called "Death of a psyche"

if you want it - Liz Defiance
4939 E. Crocus Dr.
Scottsdale, AZ

or
love her madly 18@hotmail.com 95264

we hung this flier up at
one of the Ann Arbor Art fairs.
we stole (borrowed) the words
from the below flier ↓ that
someone sent me. ↑ above is the note
on the back of the flier.

Attn: ART FAIR

It has recently come to our attention that some "disturbed elements" have been spreading "ideas" that may interfere with the pleasure of your shopping experience.

Therefore, we offer you the following advice.

- IGNORE the millions of children who live in poverty while you splurge on things you don't need.
- IGNORE the natural environment which is being removed to make way for another consumer outlet.
- IGNORE the worldwide labor exploitation which keeps our costs low and our profits high
- IGNORE the disappointment of your loved ones and the weariness of your mind and body as you work long hours to afford our products.
- IGNORE public parks, libraries, community sports, and all other non-commodified forms of leisure.

RELAX — We know what's best.
shut up and spend™

Attn: consumers:

It has recently come to our attention that some "disturbed elements" have been spreading "ideas" that may interfere with the pleasure of your shopping experience.

Therefore, we offer you the following advice.

- IGNORE the millions of children who live in poverty while you splurge on things you don't need
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THE
7 STAGES
OF HEARTBREAK



i can't
believe
he's got
a girlfriend!

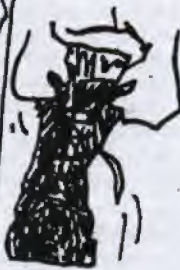
#1 CRYING



ooo one-night
stand
my ass!
Grrr...

SHUDDER

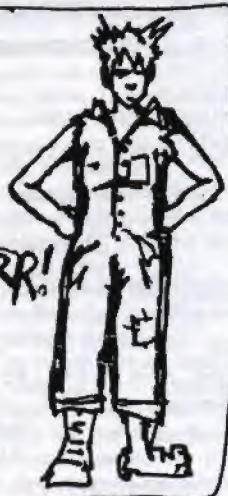
#2 ANGER/HURT



BOOTS
ON!



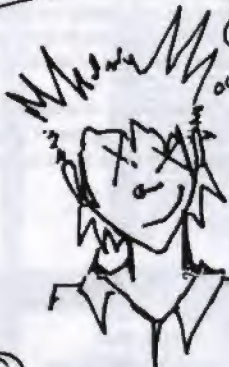
SPIKES UP!



GRRRR!

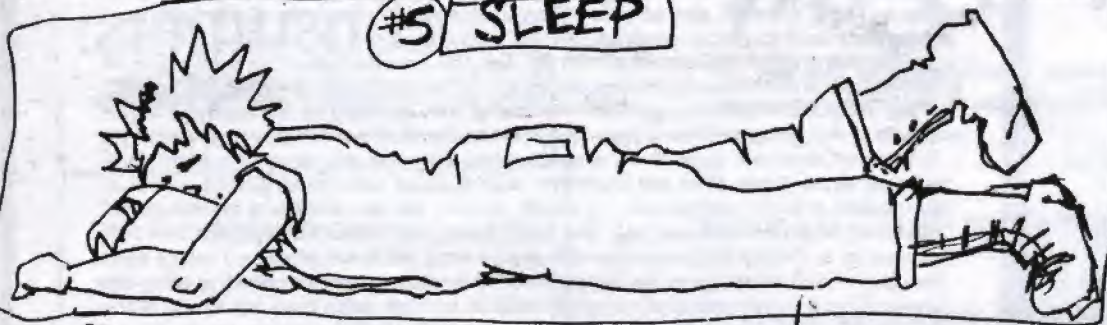


#3 BOOZIN'



i'm going
to find
him and
yell at
him
until he
falls in love
with me!

#4 DELIRIOUS SOLUTION



#5 SLEEP

#6 WAKE UP, CRY AGAIN



Boo Hoo!
he has
a fucking
GIRLFRIEND!

#7 MAKE ON!



ooo
OH well
i didn't
like him
anyway!

the
end

Cont. from front inside cover

In retrospect, this is actually a pretty weak example of the last decade-plus of my life. Ten whole years and barely more than 100 pages. In defense, there are other zines of my stuff I've put out since the first issue of Eleven that I didn't think needed to be re-published. And this isn't the story of my life, just the parts that got written down and formatted in 11 X 17 size paper.

Like the photos on the cover this isn't everything, not even close but what it is, is a snapshot of some of the things I do. Last night as the un-watched clock climbed closer to the morning of the first day of December and I listened to "Systematic Death" for the third time in a row I had a new appreciation for Crass. It wasn't the grooves in the record that make the sound but the spaces between the grooves. It wasn't what they were saying about life but the way they thought about life. Laid out in front of me were scissors, a glue stick, an 11 X 17 sheet of paper and a million memories. It was probably my brain acting up because of not sleeping, but still I was stuck by my own life collected in a fist full of little pictures. I was stuck by the ten years of... Something I couldn't quite place, somewhere collected between the grooves of my photos. Then I spoke out loud, a phrase slipped between my lips heard by no one except an alarm clock slowly counting up and a Crass record spinning round and round. "There's so much resistance."

It sounds silly with the sun up and the occasional snow flake falling down but in the dead of night with just the clock and the record it felt like the thing tying all the photos together. All the tiny pieces of my life.

Not in the sense that I'm in the streets everyday or even every year. But, when I said "never give up" as a teenager I guess I meant it. Rebellion wasn't part of me growing up, rebellion was me growing up. Maybe not rebellion, in a dictionary sense but rebellion in some sense you know. Like if I sing in a punk band and then get up the next day to change diapers because I enjoy it and so that I can put out cds that no one buys and take trips on trains and motorcycles and boats when I'm not working. That's something isn't it? I turned 30 this year, in one month and nine days I will be 31 and here I am for what it's worth collating another zine, drinking coffee and all sleep deprived cuz I by accident stayed up too late last night gluing paper together. Enjoy the snapshots.

-Don't get caught

-Josh Redd Sanchez

Dec 1, 2K8

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Contact me at:

P.O. Box 7525

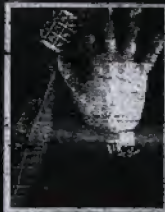
Ann Arbor MI

48107

redd.jhg@hotmail.com

thanks:

go on to anyone who contributed any way to this zine. Jef Perkins for burning me the screen for the cover. Tom for support. C.J.W (the J. stands for Jerk) for some proof reading. Thanks for reading this zine and to anyone who helped make this stuff on the inside possible. If you have any old scraps of paper around that I might use for Part 2 send em my way.



-other stuff you can get from me-

I still have a few copies of my kids books "there are No Bears in New Mexico" \$2 • "Blue Omen" 7 inch's and "Axis of Evil/Oedipus and the Mother Fuckers" 7 inch \$3 • I have copies of the CD comps of songs between 1 and 60 seconds long. "0 to 60 in 73 bands" and the newer, better, but less songs "0 to 60 in 59 bands" both are \$6 • And I also still have the Ann Arbor comp "the sound of a room full of heads nodding" 8 super good bands on 20 inch vinyl. \$6 • Please add a few bucks for shipping. Send cash or checks to Josh Sanchez —



eleven E/ Fish-Redd Sanchez, P.O. Box 7525, Ann Arbor MI 48106